

the room tidy. They stick in the back of drawers, which as a consequence will not open, and I have even found them in my boots. As book-markers they cannot be compared to a collar, for at the slightest breath of wind they fall out; and when you should be at work, you are chasing them as they flutter through the room. When you are searching your pockets for a valuable letter, you find nothing but cheques. I know few things more exasperating than to discover that the vase is full of cheques when it should have contained spills. Of course, if you are methodical you will begin by keeping your cheques in a box; but soon your difficulty is with the lid, and every time you open it the things jump out in a way that is specially humiliating should there be a witness.

I have at last discovered, after many years, that the best plan is to open a bank account. But though aspirants must be warned that, unless they do this, journalism will soon become a misery to them, the chances are that they will put it off as long as possible, trusting to being able to work off their cheques more quickly by-and-bye, and so to make the demand correspond with the supply. It is a hopeless dream this, but I know so many literary hands who have indulged in it that I can scarcely expect you to be wiser.

As testimonials to your ability cheques are no doubt useful, though otherwise there is such trouble in getting money for them that you will only attempt it when desperately hard up. Speaking of testimonials, I know a journalist who got a post as leader-writer on a London daily by showing the editor a handful of cheques got from various other editors. Some of them were a year old; but the matter is worth mentioning, as proving that if you keep an apparently useless thing long enough it will come in handy in the end.

If you have been much in the company of experienced journalists, you must have noticed that, though mild-spoken men upon all other topics, they become vindictive the moment the word "editor" is mentioned. This is not owing to jealousy (as some say), or to the notorious fact that editors cut all the good things out of the writers' articles. It is because journalists blame editors for the way the cheques come rolling in. What the journalist wants is to be paid yearly, so that the annoyance from cheques may be minimised, for you can carry about a two-hundred-pound cheque in your waistcoat pocket, while a dozen small ones are in the way. But editors, forgetful of the troubles of their own youth, insist on paying every month. Soon after you have become a journalist you will call on your editors (for you will have half a dozen of them, all sending cheques) and explain to them that as you have no bank account you cannot dispose of their cheques. You will get no further. The editor sees at once that you are about to request him to pay you in money, and he explains that it is against the rules. Yet such is his unreasonableness, that he is constantly writing you tart notes saying that the books of the office are in a mess because you have cashed none of your cheques for the last six months. To add insult to his want of delicacy, he probably encloses in these notes another cheque.

You should now be seeing that one requisite to success in journalism, far more important than "the pen of a ready writer," or "an elegant style," is a devoted friend. Experienced men in our calling speak of "the journalistic instinct." By this is meant the instinct to attach yourself to a friend who is willing to "exchange cheques" with you. Such a man is a friend indeed. How he manages it you may never precisely know, but he so contrives that the cheque he gives you can be cashed by you at his bank, when not a bank in London will cash your cheques, though you offer the cashier (a well-known practice) threepence in the shilling. Probably you will have an uneasy feeling that the transaction between you and your loyal friend is very unfair to him, but that is his look-out; and as a

journalist with the cheques rolling in, you cannot afford to be particular. To ease your conscience you may make him a present now and again.

It has often been said in the newspapers that to many people London is the loneliest place in the world. Inquire into the matter, and you will find that this is oftenest said in leading articles during the months of August and September. What the writers mean is that their devoted friend has gone away for a holiday, so that they can no longer exchange cheques. To make the journalist's lot still harder in these two black months, this is the time of year when the cheques roll in all day long. Writers with bank accounts are all shooting, or fishing, or yachting, and as a consequence you are (as the ignorant would say) coining money more easily than ever. Your best plan is to follow your devoted friend everywhere; but if he disappears in the night-time, you must live through August and September as best you can without him. Some very able journalists contrive to get on good terms with their landlady, so that she gives them food, and even small sums of money, until the devoted friend comes back. Should she know you are a journalist, however, you need not try this on. One terrible four months, when my devoted friend was away in India, I lived on a man who borrowed money of me. There are journalists so poor that they cannot even get cheques, and this man was one of them. If he wanted the loan, as it is called, of five pounds, I gave him a cheque for, say, twelve, and in a few hours he would be back with seven for me in gold. I made no inquiries about how he did it. The curious thing is that to this day he does not realise on which side the favour lay.

However, though your devoted friend never leaves London for a week in the year, you cannot have the audacity to palm off all your cheques on him (he has his business to attend to), and they will keep rolling in until you must adopt one of two courses. You may give up journalism for a time—that is, until all your cheques are exhausted—and then begin again. This is a favourite plan. The other is to open a bank account, which takes months, but, as we shall see, is worth the trouble and the time. Incredible though it seems, the Authors' Society and the so-called Guides to Journalism, say not a word on how a journalist opens a bank account.

"THE BLACK ROVER."

A NEW operatic version of the *Flying Dutchman* was scarcely wanted. Richard Wagner had not, however, secured any exclusive rights in the subject beyond those given to him by his manner of treating it. It was open, therefore, to Mr. Luscombe Searelle to take the old legend once more in hand, and make of it, if not what is generally called an opera, at least, in the proper etymological sense of the word, a melodrama. Mr. Luscombe Searelle's *Black Rover*, produced last week at the Globe Theatre, is, moreover, a melodrama according to the conventional meaning of the term. Throughout the piece the tragic alternates sharply with the comic, the ghastly with the grotesque. Some unpremeditated absurdities, moreover, result from the nature and necessities of the operatic form; unhappy prisoners condemned by ruthless pirates to "walk the plank," neglecting to take the first step until they have delivered themselves of songs, ballads, and other vocal utterances deemed proper to the situation.

The *Black Rover*, though admirably impersonated by Mr. Ludwig—the famous Vanderdecken of Wagner's opera, as performed by the Carl Rosa Company—is but a coarse and sanguinary reproduction of the *Flying Dutchman*. Our new acquaintance, the *Black Rover*, is a murderer of a bad type; and as a punishment for drowning a mother and her child by reason of the mother's having

resisted his amorous importunities, he is condemned to sail the seas until he shall hear once more a certain lullaby which the drowning mother—apparently a demented prima donna—had been singing, at the moment of immersion, to her infant girl. The Black Rover, however, not being in the way of any music, except that of the winds and waves, the probability of his ever hearing again the lullaby of the drowning mother seems remote indeed. But when in the first Act we find Isidora, who has been miraculously saved from the sea, singing the refrain of a lullaby which has haunted her from infancy, we know that as a matter of course she will sing it in due time to the Black Rover; who will then be liberated from the effect of the curse, and, welcoming death, will sink with his ship into the waves.

The Black Rover is not affected by one curse alone. It is in virtue of a curse that he puts to death every prisoner made by him in the pursuit of his occupation as a pirate; and a curse of his own imposing obliges him to seize and carry off all who may venture to interfere with a certain treasure which he has concealed at a certain point on the shores of the island of Cuba, where the scene of the first and third Acts is laid; the action of the second taking place on board the pirate ship. An attempt to discover the treasure being made by the young lady who knows the lullaby, she is captured and conveyed on board the pirate ship; and she is about to be thrown overboard, when, as if by the force of inherited habit, she suddenly begins to sing the magic air. The Black Rover recognises the melody as the one which is to bring his sufferings to an end, and with the sinking of the ship the piece ought evidently to come to a close. In a third Act, however, new ground is broken. We now find ourselves in presence of an insurrection of negroes; and the lady of the lullaby, who has been saved a second time from drowning, is on the point of being burnt alive by the infuriated blacks, when the Black Rover appears in ghostly form, and terrifies the slaves into abandonment of their purpose. Then the strains of a march are heard, soldiers appear, and the curtain falls.

Mr. Luscombe Searelle is both author and composer of his work. But while his drama alternates between the blood-curdling and the frivolous—the tragic legend of the Black Rover following close upon a kissing song—the music is almost uniformly light and airy. Thus the legend is set to a gay quadrille tune; to which, however, a certain character of strangeness is imparted by the orchestral accompaniments and by the broken exclamations of the chorus. It is clever on the part of Mr. Searelle to put together a number of incidents, familiar though they may be, in such a way as to form a drama, having a beginning, a middle, and (fortunately) an end; and it is doubly clever to set the dramatic concoction to music which, considered by itself—apart from the scenes which it so frequently fails to illustrate—is sufficiently pleasing. Whether, however, the whole thing was worth doing at all is another question.

THE WEEK.

It is dangerous for some people, if we may believe Mr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, to be "as funny as they can." We should hardly have thought it possible that the innocent "chaff" of such an article as that which we published last week under the title "A Lady Novelist Replies," would have been taken seriously by anybody. But this has positively been the case, as the indignant letters of numerous correspondents testify. We must warn our contributor in future to restrain himself—or shall we promise those acute persons who have detected the cloven hoof of serious purpose in the "lady novelist's" delicious misquotations, that in future our jokes (when they are exceptionally good) will be printed in italics?

MR. ANDREW LANG'S Life of LORD IDDESLEIGH is announced for the end of the month. It will be entitled "The Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., First Earl of Idlesleigh," and will be illustrated with three portraits and a view of LORD IDDESLEIGH'S home, the Pynes. It is understood that it will be a personal history of the estimable statesman, and not a sketch of his political times. LORD IDDESLEIGH'S personality was a singularly delightful one, and none can doubt that the story of his life will be told in the happiest manner by his accomplished biographer.

A WEEK or two later will appear "The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton," from the pen of MR. WEMYSS REID. The titles of the two books have a curious similarity; but as that of LORD HOUGHTON'S biography was announced so long ago as last January, it has at all events not been borrowed from the work which is to be the first to appear. In the case of LORD HOUGHTON there were no diaries to fall back upon, and his biographer in writing his Life has consequently been deprived of that which is always the best material for such a purpose. But the correspondence was extraordinarily voluminous, and was maintained with all sorts and conditions of people during an unusually full life, which lasted for nearly eighty years.

AMONG LORD HOUGHTON'S correspondents were WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, SYDNEY SMITH, WORDSWORTH, THOMAS CAMPBELL, SAMUEL ROGERS, COUNT D'ORSAY, LAMENNAIS, MONTALEMBERT, GUIZOT, THIERS, CAVOUR, SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD PALMERSTON, MR. DISRAELI, ARTHUR HALLAM, and others whose names belong to a bygone generation; besides almost all the notable persons of LORD HOUGHTON'S own day. He was almost the first man of social rank to gain the friendship of CARLYLE, and many letters from CARLYLE will appear in the book; he was the college comrade of TENNYSON, and some of the rarely seen epistles of the Poet Laureate will also appear, by his consent. He was often the host and always the friend of THACKERAY; whilst DICKENS, ROBERT BROWNING, ALGERNON SWINBURNE, MRS. GASKELL, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE, are among the other literary personages who figure in the story of his life. Of his more general correspondence it is sufficient to say that it comes from all classes in life, from emperors downwards.

THOUGH LORD HOUGHTON never kept a diary, he was in the habit during many years of his life of noting in commonplace books all that he heard of interest in his daily life. These commonplace books contain also many of his own reflections on more serious questions than those with which his name is, as a rule, associated. MR. WEMYSS REID has drawn upon their contents so far as to give many sayings of SYDNEY SMITH which are not to be found in his biography, and not a few of CARLYLE, THACKERAY, and other well-known talkers, which, will be new to the readers of to-day. The book will be illustrated with two portraits, one after a sketch by COUNT D'ORSAY, and the other after a painting by RICHMOND.

THERE is an odd mistake in MR. ADDINGTON SYMONDS'S beautiful essay on landscape, reprinted in his recent collection. He speaks of *chimæra bombycinantes in vacuo*, which he renders—correctly enough if his reading were right—"Monsters of the fancy spinning cocoons in the abyss of nothing." But, of course, the correct reading is not *bombycinantes*, but *bombinantes*; and the *chimæras* no more *spin* than the lilies of the field, though they *buzz* like bees or humming-tops.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS says that MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is the new English "fad," and MR. KIPLING has written a poem in which he gently deprecates MR. HOWELLS' aggressive dislike of every literary lawgiver in the English tongue, except the author of "Silas Lapham." MR. KIPLING, by the way, is about to leave us. He will return to India next year, and finish in that country the novel on which he is engaged. As a writer of short stories he has attained no small distinction; but he yearns apparently for the three volumes which are sacred to MR. MUDIE. It is a dangerous longing; but still more reckless is MR. KIPLING's ambition to write a play. There is good dialogue in "The Story of the Gadsbys," but a successful play demands a knowledge of the stage, which comes of long and often bitter experience.

MR. HOWELLS says the American reader breathes such a nimble air that he is not satisfied with the sort of fiction which pleases the dull-witted British public. This will be news to the authors whose books are pirated by American publishers, and who have far more readers on the other side of the Atlantic than they have in these islands. Incidentally, MR. HOWELLS remarks that people who do not agree with him are guilty of defective taste. It is therefore interesting to find MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, another American author, commenting in *Lippincott's* this month on the "bad taste" of MR. HOWELLS.

MISS DOWIE's paper, which astonished the British Association, is not quite so astonishing in the *Fortnightly Review*. It is scrappy and disjointed, and wears the hasty costume of a diary. There is a queer derangement of relatives and antecedents, and too much of the MARK TWAIN humour which makes two shrubs accept "an exclusive contract for the clothing of the furthest hills." On the other hand, MISS DOWIE has a distinct gift of description, which will have more scope in the book she is preparing, and in which it may be hoped that she will spare us such primitive politics as the suggestion that "when the crown of our Empress-Queen requires a new jewel, we shall erect and protect a new Poland."

WE understand that MISS DOWIE is also at work upon a novel. She is said to be studying character in Bradford. It is a far cry from the Carpathians to a Yorkshire manufacturing town, and we are afraid that MISS DOWIE will find the industrial classes of Bradford less interesting than the Ruthenians, who, it seems, have the happiness of being "unblighted by Board Schools," and therefore enjoy "a chance to develop natural faculties." Development without education is certainly an original theory of progress.

AFTER a long silence MR. GEORGE MEREDITH speaks to us once more, and we are quite prepared to find all his striking qualities in "One of our Conquerors." But the style is more involved and elliptical and eccentric than ever. The description of the gentleman who has his white waistcoat smudged on London Bridge is a prodigy of the obscure; and what is to be made of this?—"As for elsewhere than at the festive, Commerce invoked is a goddess that will have the reek of those boards to fill her nostrils, and poet and alderman alike may be dedicate to the sublime, she leads them, after two sniffs of an idea concerning her, for the dive into the turtle-tureen. Heels up they go, poet first—a plumed he!" We are dimly conscious that this is a satire on bards who go to City dinners. The late MARTIN TUPPER used to attend those feasts; but, rest his soul, he is dead.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY thinks it is criticism on HOOD's "Bridge of Sighs" to suggest that most young women who drown themselves are unworthy of compassion. But, adds MR. SAINTSBURY kindly, this only shows that HOOD was not a SHAKESPEARE. Ophelia goes mad and is drowned. Why not suggest that most Ophelias are victims of a contemptible hysteria? This would be quite as rational as the remark about HOOD, and would equally illustrate the Piccadilly attitude of MR. SAINTSBURY's mind.

It seems there is a good deal of piracy going on under the British flag—though the property plundered is merely literary, and therefore no steps will be taken in the matter. The *Author* finds that "in at least many parts of India pirated editions are virtually imported duty free; in Australia and New Zealand they have to pay a duty of 20 per cent., which is collected for the benefit of the owner of the copyright." When the three-volume novelists among us shall be so multiplied as to send half a dozen members to Parliament, our sensitive national conscience will no doubt wake up to the truth that an author has almost as much right to protection as a tradesman.

It is satisfactory, however, to see authors waking up to the fact that their great chance lies in appealing to the people—by insisting that their books shall be published at a price which the masses are willing to pay. At present a new book is a luxury for the capitalist: nobody, for instance, denies that the price of a three-volume novel is an absurdly artificial one. As a writer in the *Daily News* put it the other day, the publishers "give to MR. MUDIE what was meant for mankind." And turning from producer to consumer, from the author to the working man clamorous for modern books and utterly unable to pay the present price for them, few people can doubt that this artificial state of things will not last. Where author and reader are at one, the publisher will have to give way; and, giving way, will find himself the richer man.

MR. BESANT and his Society of Authors have been unfairly attacked on one or two points. But whether they occupy themselves too much or not with the impracticable, they certainly neglect the practicable. The United States Legislature, in the interest of American readers, and to the injury of American writers, will not pass an International Copyright Bill. In this it behaves badly, though not worse than the Governments of Russia, Austria, and Holland, which, in like manner, refuse to sign copyright conventions. The American law, however, allows American writers to publish their works abroad without forfeiting their rights at home; whereas English writers publishing works abroad lose, in respect to those works, all domestic rights. Several American authors publish their books for the first time in England, and thus secure profits on both sides of the Atlantic. No such course is open to English authors; who, publishing for the first time in America, are unable to secure copyright in England. The English author, under such circumstances, is (if he be worth robbing) robbed by his own countrymen—a peculiarly humiliating kind of depredation from which the American author is free.

Now, the Society of Authors cannot force the American Legislature to pass an International Copyright Bill; and the more it endeavours to do so the less likely is it to succeed. It might possibly, however, be able to induce some member of Parliament to bring in a Bill by which English authors, publishing their works for the first time abroad, would not, for that reason, forfeit all rights in their own country. A grievance, moreover, from which our dramatic authors suffer might easily be remedied. No fundamental principle of justice

would be violated were it enacted; but an author publishing a piece before producing it on the stage should not thereby lose his acting rights in it. This, however, is little more than a theoretical grievance; as, the better to treat with American managers, an English author seldom publishes his play. If he wishes to do so, however—desiring at the same time to secure his acting right in the work—he is obliged to give a stage performance of it, good or bad, some time beforehand. The Americans will only consent to an International Copyright Convention at their own good pleasure. Until that desirable time arrives, the Society of Authors might surely turn its attention to defects in our own Copyright Laws.

MR. MARZIALS' little biography of GAMBETTA, recently issued in the "Statesmen Series," will, we hope, do something to redress the grudging estimates of the celebrated Frenchman which have been too prevalent in England. Only the other day MR. HURLBERT took occasion, in the introduction to his treatise upon France, to go out of his way to assail GAMBETTA in a manner equally gratuitous and ill-informed. That GAMBETTA as a politician under the Republic did comparatively little; that as a Minister in his later years he failed; and that as a person he had many obvious faults, no one disputes. But, for all that, he remains the one Frenchman since NAPOLEON, outside the world of letters, who has passed mediocrity and attained to greatness. His services in the autumn of 1870 will never be forgotten in his own country; and it would be more generous, as well as more just, for us to dwell rather on the extraordinary achievements of a man who, in four months after the surrenders of Sedan and Metz, himself a civilian with no legal standing, raised and organised into fresh armies between 300,000 and 400,000 men, won the only French victory in the war, and saved the self-respect of France.

WE do not know that it is worth anyone's while to notice the impertinences of LORD CLANRICARDE. MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE evidently does not think it worth his. But there are a few expressions in LORD CLANRICARDE's letter to the *Times* of September 26th which are interesting as showing how controversy brings out the vulgarity of an underbred man. Such phrases as:—"Intentional untruth of MR. LEFEVRE'S, bad even for him"—"He falsified my agent's letter"—"He shows himself only an ignorant blunderer"—"His bluster overtaxes credulity"—even apart from the fact that they are used by a man of LORD CLANRICARDE'S calibre against a man of MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S, are curious evidences of the influence of "Unionism" upon manners, and illustrate the character of the individual whose mean ill-will to his tenants MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE has risked unpleasant contact to expose.

THE two-hundredth performance of *A Pair of Spectacles*, last Saturday, was also the occasion of MR. HARE'S return to the boards of the Garrick Theatre. There is no need at this time of day to criticise *A Pair of Spectacles*. It bears upon it the stamp of popular approval—and most deservedly so. There is no piece now running which is better mounted or better acted, and there is most assuredly none which is better calculated to cheer the spirits of the playgoer. MR. HARE'S finished style, absolutely free as it is from staginess, has never been seen to better effect than in the character of the elder Goldfinch; whilst MR. GROVES plays his brother from Sheffield in a way which defies even the criticism of a Yorkshireman. It is a pleasure to see so healthy and good-humoured a play enjoying so long a run of success;

and it is not less satisfactory to know that the players as well as the play deserve the favour they command.

THE announcement that a drama of which CROMWELL is the hero has been produced with brilliant success at Leipzig, makes one wonder afresh why it is that English playwrights have not turned the history of the seventeenth century to better account. CHARLES I., it is true, we know upon the stage; STRAFFORD we have seen, but decline to keep there; but the great drama of Puritanism, and the striking figure of its hero, playwrights apparently have trembled to portray. Possibly this attempt abroad may turn some competent person's eyes in that direction; for the religious sensibility which keeps MOHAMMED off the stage would hardly interfere with the representation of CROMWELL; and if MR. IRVING is unable to satisfy his reputed desire to appear as the Prophet of one crusade, he might yet achieve a legitimate triumph as the Lord Protector of another.

THAT literary success too often ruins those who attain it, is a commonplace among moralists, and MR. STOCKTON, as everybody knows, has illustrated the proposition in an amusing story. Those wiseacres, therefore, who, on reading M. DE BLOWITZ'S incomparable excerpts from the TALLEYRAND Memoirs, shook their heads, saying, "He will never keep this up; it is not given to man to maintain this level," must be rejoicing this week at the falsification of their fears. But a month or two has passed, and another discovery is tossed to us from M. DE BLOWITZ'S large hand. He was at the Ambigu the other night; and when he came out the Post did not sleep a moment until England possessed what CHARLES LAMB called a "sweating letter," announcing that at the Ambigu, "between each two chairs, there is placed an excellent opera-glass, which may be used on payment of half a franc, dropped in an automatic case."

AND even in the flush of discovery the great man finds time to discern the forces for good which lurk in the innovation, and to expedite them with the smile of his approval. "It is an invention which I have never seen before, and which deserves to be encouraged." We have made free to put that "and" into italics: a meaner man would have written "but." Is it too rash, in the light of this announcement, to forecast a day when the crying wants of passengers by the Underground Railway, the absence of butter-scotch, and the craving to know their exact weight in its dark tunnels, will be supplied at every station by contrivances as ingenious as this of which we read?

THE COUNTESS OF BELLARMINE.

Few rivers in England are without their "Lovers' Leap," and that particular river whose banks I desire in time to make my own ("inglorious lover of the streams and woodlands," as Virgil has it) is not singular in this respect. The "Leap" overhangs a still pool about midway in its course from the sombre moors down to the harbour where, almost opposite my windows, it is finally married to the sea—a sheer escarpment of granite, its lip lying not fifteen paces from the high-road that here finds its descent into the valley broken by a stiff knoll, over which it rises and topples again, as if over a wave.

I had drawn two shining peel out of the pool below, and sat eating my lunch on the edge of the Leap, with my back to the road. Forty feet beneath me I could catch a glimpse of the water, black and glossy, behind the dotted foliage of a birch-tree. My rod stuck upright from the turf at my elbow,

and, whenever I turned my head, neatly bisected the countenance and upper half of Seth Truscott, an indigenous gentleman of miscellaneous habits and a predatory past, who had followed me that morning to carry the landing-net.

It was he who, after lunch, imparted the story of the rock on which we sat; and as it seemed at the time to gain somewhat by the telling, I will not risk defacing it by meddling with his dialect.

"I reckon, sir," he began, with an upward nod at a belt of larches, the fringe of a great estate, that closed the view at the head of the vale, "you'm too young to mind th' ould Earl o' Bellarmine, that owned Castle Cannick up yonder in my growin' days. 'Ould Wounds' he was nick-named—a cribbage-faced, what-the-blazes kind o' varmint, wi' a gossan wig an' a tongue like oil o' vitriol. He'd a-led the fore-half o' his life, I b'lieve, in Lunnon church-town, by reason that he an' his father couldn' be left in a room together wi'out comin' to fisticuffs: an' by all accounts was fashion's favourite in the naughty city, doin' his duty in that state o' life an' playing Hamlet's ghost among the Ten Commandments.

"The upshot was that he killed a young gen'leman over a game o' whist, an' that was too much even for the Lunnoners. So he packed up and sailed for furrin' parts, an' didn' show his face in England till th' ould man, his father, was took wi' a seizure an' went dead, bein' palsied down half his face, but workin' away to the end at the most lift-your-hair wickedness wi' the sound side o' his mouth.

"Then the new Earl turned up an' settled at Castle Cannick. He was a wifeless man, an' by the look o't had given up all wish to coax the female eye: for he dressed no better 'n a jockey, an' all his diversion was to ride in to Tregarriek Market o' Saturdays, an' hang round the doorway o' the Pack-Horse Inn, by A. Walters, and glower at the men an' women passin' up and down the Fore Street, an' stand drinkin' brandy an' water while the horse-jockeys there my-lord'ed 'en. Two an' twenty glasses, they say, was his quantum between noon an' nine o'clock; an' then he'd climb into saddle an' ride home to his jewelled four-poster, cursin' an' mutterin', but sittin' his mare like a man of iron.

"But one o' these fine market-days he did a thing that filled the mouths o' the country-side.

"He was loafin' by the Pack-Horse door, just as usual, at two o'clock, rappin' the head o' his crop on the side o' his ridin' boots, drawin' his brows down an' lookin' out curses from under 'em across the street to the saddler's opposite, when two drover-chaps came up the pavement wi' a woman between 'em.

"The woman—or maid, to call her by her proper title—was a dark-browed slut, wi' eyes like sloes, an' hair dragged over her face till she looked like an owl in an ivy-bush. As for the gown o' her, 'twas no better 'n a sack tied round the middle, wi' a brave piece torn away by the shoulder, where one o' the men had clawed her.

"There was a pretty dido goin' on atween the dree, an' all talkin' to wunst, like Dover—the two men mobbin' each other, an' the girl i' the middle callin' em every name but what they was christened, wi'out distinction o' persons, as the word goes.

"'What's the uproar?' asks Ould Wounds, stoppin' the tap-tap o' his crop, as they comes up.

"'The woman b'longs to me,' says the first. 'I've engaged to make her my lawful wife; an' I won't go from my word under two gallon o' fourpenny.'

"'You agreed to hand her over for wan gallon, first along,' says t'other. 'an' a bargain's a bargain.'

"Says the woman, 'You're a pair o' hair-splitting shammiicks, the pair o' 'ee. An' how much beer be I to have for my weddin' portion?' (says she)—'for that's all I care about, wan way or t'other.'

"Now Ould Wounds looked at the woman; an' 'tis to be thought he found her eyeable, for he axed up sharp—

"'Would 'ee kick over these two an' marry me for a bottle o' gin?'

"'That would I.'

"'An' to be called My Lady—Countess o' Bellarmine?'

"'Better an' better.'

"'I shall whack 'ee.'

"'I don't care.'

"'I shall kick an' cuff an' flog 'ee like a span'el dog,' says he: 'by my body, I shall make 'ee repent.'

"'Give 'ee leave to try,' says she.

"An' that's how th' Earl o' Bellarmine courted his wife. He took her into the bar an' treated her to a bottle o' gin on the spot. At nine o'clock that evenin' she tuk hold of his stirrup-leather an' walked beside 'en, afoot, up to Castle Cannick. Next day, their banns were axed in church, an' in dree weeks she was my ladyship.

"'Twas a battle-royal that began then. Ould Wounds dressed the woman up to the nines, an' forced all the bettermost folk i' the county to pay their calls an' treat her like one o' their blood; and then, when the proud guests stepped into their chariots an' druv away, he'd fall to, an' lick her across the shoulders wi' his ridin'-whip, to break her sperrit. 'Twas the happiest while o' th' ould curmudgeon's life, I do b'lieve; for he'd found summat he cudn' tame in a hurry. There was a noble pond afore the house, i' those days, wi' urns an' heathen gods around the brim, an' twice he dragged her through it in her night-gown, I've heerd, an' always dined wi' a pistol laid by his plate, alongside the knives an' prongs, to scare her. But not she!

"An' next he tried to burn her in her bed: an' that wasn' no good.

"An' last of all he fell i' love wi' her: an' that broke her.

"One day—the tale goes—she made up her mind an' ordered a shay an' pair from the 'Pack-Horse.' The postillion war to be waitin' by the gate o' the deer-park—the only gate that hadn't a lodge to it—at ten o'clock that night. 'Twas past nine afore dinner was done, an' she got up from her end o' the table an' walked across to kiss th' ould fellow. He, 'pon his side, smiled on her, pleased as Punch; for 'twas little more'n a fortni't since he'd discovered she was the yapple of his eye. She said 'Good night' an' went up-stairs to pack a few things in a bag, he openin' the door and shuttin' it upon her. Then he outs wi' his watch, waits a couple o' minutes, an' slips out o' the house.

"At five minutes to ten comes my ladyship, glidin' over the short turf o' the deer-park, an' glancin' over her shoulder at the light in his lordship's libery window. 'Twas burnin' in true watch-an'-fear-nothin' style, an' there, by the gate, was the shay and horses, and postillion, wrapped up and flapping his arms for warmth, who touched his cap and put down the steps for her.

"'Drive through Tregarriek,' says she, "an' don't spare yer whip-cord.'

"Slam went the door, up climbed the postillion, an' away they went like a house afire. There was half-a-moon up an' a hoar frost gatherin', an' my lady, leanin' back on the cushions, could see the head and shoulders of the postillion bob—bobbing, till it seemed his head must work loose and tumble out of his collar.

"The road they took, sir, is the same that runs down the valley afore our very eyes. An' 'pon the brow o't, just when it comes in sight, the off horse turned restive. In a minute 'twas as much as the post-boy could ha' done to hold 'en. *But he didn't try.* Instead, he fell to floggin' harder, workin' his arm up an' down like a steam-engin'.

"'What the jiminy are 'ee doin'?' calls out her ladyship—or words to that effec'—clutchin' at the side o' the shay, an' tryin' to stiddy hersel'.

"'I thought I wasn't to spare whip-cord,' calls back the post-boy.

"An' with that he turned i' the saddle; an' 'twas the face o' her own wedded husband, as ghastly white as if 't burned a'ready i' the underground fires.

"Wi' that, her joints were loosed, an' she sat back white as he; an' down over the hill they swung at a breakneck gallop, shay lurchin' and stones flyin'."

"About thirty yards from where we'm sitting, sir, Ould Wounds caught the near rein twice round his wrist an' lean't back, slowly pullin' it, till his face was slewed round over his left shoulder an' grinnin' in my lady's face."

"An' that was the last look that passed atween 'em. For now feeling the wheels on grass and the end near, he loosed the rein and fetched the horse he rode a cut atween the ears, an' that's how 'twas," concluded Seth, lamely.

Like most inferior narrators, he shied at the big fence, flinched before the climax. But as he ended, I flung a short glance downward at the birches and black water, and took up my rod again with a shiver.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR.—Your correspondents, Messrs. Morton and Walker, will not leave me alone, so I am once more compelled to inflict a letter on your readers.

With regard to Mr. Morton's queries, I may state that I am a believer in Federal Home Rule, by which both Scotland and Wales, as well as Ireland, should be allowed to manage their national affairs, while purely Imperial business should be dealt with by an Imperial Parliament sitting at Westminster. I am ready to concede the first place to Ireland in the matter of Home Rule, though I should personally prefer to see Home Rule for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales dealt with at the same time.

With regard to Mr. Walker's assumption that I am a "dis-sentient," he may be surprised to hear that I am the adopted Gladstonian Liberal candidate for a Scotch constituency, where I have fully explained my views on Home Rule at twenty-six public meetings, held in every portion of the district during the past spring. At every meeting but one, I secured a unanimous vote of confidence, and only six opposed a vote of confidence at the meeting where it was not unanimous.

In conclusion, I may add, that whatever any of your correspondents may say about myself or my opinions, this is my last word on the subject of Home Rule, and I still think Mr. Gladstone would be well advised if he were to enlighten his followers a little as to the provisions and scope of his next Home Rule Bill. I do not say ditto to Mr. Asquith or anyone else, but consider I have a perfect right both to hold and express opinions of my own without fear of Messrs. Morton, Walker, or anyone else.—I remain, your obedient servant,

J. COLQUHOUN READE.

Brooks's, St. James's Street, September 27th, 1890.

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

SIR.—I do not know what have been the opportunities of Sir W. H. Gregory for observing the history of the Disestablished Church of Ireland for the past twenty years. I hardly think the observation can have been very intimate, or he would not have stated his belief, in his recent letter to the *Times*, that "Home Rule would be the expulsion of Protestantism from three out of the four provinces of Ireland except in the larger towns." The same prophecy was freely made at the time of disestablishment, and to many it then seemed likely to be fulfilled. But the event has wholly falsified the prediction. In the three provinces south of Ulster the Church is more prosperous to-day in every respect than it was when the Irish Church Bill received the royal assent. The services are better conducted; the churches are better cared for; and the interest of laymen has been, not revived, but created, in a Church which they now regard as their own. I cannot see in what way the self-government of the country in all its national affairs could alter for the worse the prospects of the Church. But I can understand how it might greatly improve them by the fuller opportunities its members would receive of discharging their civil duties by methods which would then have the sanction of public opinion.

Sir W. H. Gregory qualifies his statement by saying, "I should not allow that this result would follow from hatred of Protestants, but from the expulsion of the landed gentry, who happen to be chiefly Protestant, by the sale of their landed property." I need hardly point out that the establishment of a peasant proprietary does not depend on Home Rule. It has been pushed on very rapidly by a Conservative Government, and the last discussion on the Land Purchase Bill showed Mr. Parnell more desirous than any of Her Majesty's Ministers to retain the landlords in the country. The passage of the Home Rule Bill

will most probably tend to check rather than to accelerate the expropriation of landlords.

Most people forget that no scheme of land-purchase is likely to be adopted which will include the residences of the landlords. Their wholesale emigration is not to be foretold until someone can point out one spot in the world where they will be half as much considered as they must be, under any form of government, in their accustomed homes.

The reduction by landowners of their subscription to the Church has already been forced on them. For some years this decline has been progressive. But the reports from the various dioceses, which anyone may read, are not despondent. Even now there is not, I am persuaded, a Diocesan Synod in Ireland where a proposal—if one were found to make it—to return to the condition of affairs before Disestablishment would receive a patient hearing.—Faithfully yours,

GEO. MCCUTCHAN,
Rector of Kenmare, Kerry.

September 29th, 1890.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, October 3rd, 1890.

THE vice-president of a little group of Moslems lately established as an association at Liverpool has written to the *Times* to protest, in the name of his co-religionists, against the production upon the English stage of a play dealing with Mahomet. The rumour that such a play is in contemplation has, we are told, spread over the length and breadth of the Indian Empire, and caused the deepest irritation to the religious zeal of Indian Mussulmans. This is not the first or the second reference to the matter that has come, only too painfully, under my notice. A little while ago the *Journal des Débats* printed a paragraph saying that M. Henri de Bornier's *Mahomet* was being adapted for an English actor, and somewhat later the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave more precise details of the English play. Then followed various allusions in the way of comment, sundry warnings, some protests, and a few assurances that the play had never been seriously intended at all. My own connection with the subject so darkly discussed was intimate enough, but neither did I wish to invite the public to consider a piece of literary work that had no existence outside my own workshop, nor did I feel myself at liberty to compromise the friends whose names had been mentioned in relation to it. Besides, a play is a piece of news circulated by means of the stage, and I had naturally no wish to stale the interest of a play of mine by any disclosures that should anticipate either its subject, or the treatment of its subject.

But now, being free of obligations to others in this matter, and no longer in danger of doing injury to anybody but myself, I wish, at all costs, to take whatever responsibility pertains, in the view of Indian Mussulmans, to having written the drama that has given rise to such warmth of feeling. The play of *Mahomet*, alluded to in the *Journal des Débats*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in the letter to the *Times*, was written by me during the early part of this year. It was written for a famous actor and dear friend. I believe the idea of an Eastern play was mine, the thought of Mahomet was his, and that the existence of an unacted play on the subject by M. Henri de Bornier gave shape and character to the scheme. My play will not be produced by my friend, and thus I am now at liberty to say what I please respecting it. I can produce it with another manager if I like, or I can bury it, if so minded, where many another wreck of wasted labour has been buried before it, with no one to miss it, and only myself to mourn it, and that maybe more in anger than in sorrow. But whether I decide to produce *Mahomet*, or to consign it to the tomb of a still-born, I claim the right of its literary father to say that it has a right to exist, and to protest in the name of literary liberty against the blind bigotry and silly superstition that would cry "Hands off!"

whenever a sacred subject comes within the province of imaginative art.

The sole reason assigned for the irritation that is felt by the Indian Mussulmans is that it would be "a mockery to put their Prophet on the stage." But why a mockery? Is it that the art of the actor, more than the art of the painter or the art of the author, disfigures, or caricatures, or befools the thing it touches? If not, then what greater mockery of the Prophet is involved in putting him on the stage than in painting him in a picture or describing him in a book? It is true that the exigencies of the stage may make demand of certain liberties with fact, perhaps in the arrangement of incidents, perhaps in the evolution of a central thought. But in like manner do the exigencies of the painter's canvas make demand of a freedom which in the case of a man who is twelve centuries dead would amount to absolute licence. And even the exigencies of the baldest literary biography—not to consider those of semi-imaginative narrative—make a claim for individual treatment and independence of judgment extending to censure, or it may be emphatic condemnation.

I know it will be objected that the difference lies in the medium: that whereas in all arts except the dramatic art the creation is impersonal, in the art of the stage it cannot be divorced from the actor embodying it; therefore that while Mahomet on canvas is merely a figure of more or less dignity or sweetness or sublimity, and Mahomet in biography is merely a realisable picture of more or less truth and inspiration, Mahomet on the stage is the idea of the poet *plus* the material, recognisable, knowable, more or less honourable personality of Mr. A B or Mr. B C who walks the streets and eats bread-and-butter. The answer to this is that the association of the actor with the part in the view of an audience is purely accidental, dependent on trivial knowledge, most highly developed in common minds, and that never for an instant does it disturb the illusion for imaginative people. Further, that if the material association of the actor's flesh and blood is the element of dishonour to a great or saintly character taken from history and made to walk the stage, we must lay our account with the fact that probably every picture of the Christ that has deepened the spiritual life of Christendom has been in great part painted from the flesh and blood of some living man. In short, I claim for the dramatic art that it should stand on an equality with its sister-arts in range and choice of subject; and not only in the name of literary liberty, but in the name of common sense, I protest against the survival of the shallow and senseless prejudice which, while it allows the painter and musician to take his theme from what source he pleases, forbids the dramatist to touch whatever is best and purest and noblest, because sanctified by religious feeling.

It will be easy to say that I lack reverence, and a cheap retort that I prove my unfitness to handle sacred things by the freedom with which I approach them. That involves a reckoning which I have no business to make. I hold that the only right a man wants to touch any subject, however sacred, in any art, no matter what, is the right of an honest intention to do it well. If then he runs amuck at religious sentiments, so much the worse for him if they are true and he has outraged them, so much the worse for them if they are silly and he has brushed them out of his way. To pay court to all religious feelings, as such, is either to narrow all art by the exclusion of the highest themes, or to reduce it to child's play.

The *Times* letter says:—"A mockery of Jesus on the stage at Teheran or Constantinople will excite

as much pious indignation in Christian countries, and especially in England, as the news of the representation of the above play has done in India. However decent the play may be, still it is a play of the most serious matter in the world." A mockery! What misconception of the aims of an English actor and the intentions of an author can be involved in this word! What mountebank show, what travesty, what caricature, what fooling stands for the bugbear of a play on Mahomet in the fancy of the Indian Mussulmans for whom the writer speaks? If none, if they know full well what an English play may be when it is decent, and when it concerns the most serious matter in the world, and if it is the initial step of putting Mahomet on the stage at all that is the cause of offence, the parallel with Jesus whereby they justify their objection is curiously ineffective in the year of the Passion Play. The spectacle of Jesus made to walk the stage of the peasants at Oberammergau has not only not excited the pious indignation of Christian countries, but has done something towards deepening the religious sentiment of Europe. Christianity has recognised what Islam has never seen—that art may be a help towards spiritual life, and that the divinity of its Founder is not obscured, but vivified, by truthful representations of His humanity.

And yet the attitude of Christians towards Jesus is entirely above that of Moslems towards Mahomet. The Prophet of Islam laid no claim to divinity. Again and again he protested that he was a man, like other men, with only a man's powers, unable to work miracles, and looking to be saved by the mercy of the Merciful. God was one, God had no partners, and Mahomet was His mouthpiece. The most thrilling incident in the history of Mahomet is, of itself, proof enough that his earliest follower, truest disciple, and first Calife, held his humanity in no sanctity. When Mahomet died, and the people gathered about the house of Ayesha, Omar drew his sword and swore that Mahomet could not die, and that he would cut down any man who said that the Prophet was dead. But Abou Bakkr stepped out and said, "Peace, peace! Let him know, whosoever worshippeth Mahomet, that Mahomet is dead; but whoso worshippeth God, let him know that the Lord liveth and doth not die."

Contrast this scene with that other scene, yet more thrilling, on the Day of Pentecost at Jerusalem, when a simple fisherman of Galilee rose among the men of Judea and cried, with a tongue of fire, "Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know, Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain, . . . this Jesus hath God raised up . . . therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Such were Christianity and Islam at the first breathing-space after the deaths of their founders. But we have altered all since then, and while Christians go off in their thousands and tens of thousands to the Bavarian village where a simple peasant walks the boards as Jesus, the Moslems throughout India are said to be indignant "to hear of the proposed mockery of their Prophet on the stage of a country which has pledged itself to respect their religious feelings."

It is conceivable that the bugbear of the "mockery" of the Prophet on the stage may come, in part, of fear of how the thing may be done. The *Times* letter tell us that the play "was originally intended for the Parisian stage, but was not allowed to be represented there, owing to the remonstrances of the Sultan." Here I see light. The statement is

a mistake; it was never intended that the *Mahomet* of M. Henri de Bornier should be produced in England; but if the protesting Moslems have read and know M. de Bornier's play, I can understand their dread of its representation. M. Henri de Bornier's *Mahomet* is a beautiful poem. It is not a striking and memorable bit of imagination; it does not vitalise the character, or put it through the fires of dramatic passion; but it is not without a noble ideal. That ideal, however, is a Western, not an Eastern ideal, and the result is a drama that is false to the central fact of Mahomet's life, and may, therefore, give offence to Moslems. The author says that the Christianity of his play was the ground of its offence to the Sublime Porte. No wonder; the Christianity had no right to be there. Christianity forms no vital part of Mahomet's life. The dramatic grit of Mahomet's story lies, not in his struggles with the Nazarenes, but in his struggles with the Coreish; and to force Christianity to the front in that story is not only to be false to the central fact, but to step out of the office of the dramatist into that of the moral legislator.

M. H. de Bornier's *Mahomet* is, in part, a duel between Christianity and Mohammadanism. The Prophet's favourite wife, Ayesha, takes sides with Christ; the Prophet himself seems to admit at the highest moment of his life that he was not the last and greatest of the prophets, that Christ was greater, that Christianity was built to live for ever, and Islam doomed to fall. More painful still, Mahomet is made to commit suicide, merely to put himself out of the way, in order that his unfaithful wife, Ayesha, may be happy with her lover Safwan. All this seems false to history, untrue to character, Western in thought, and Parisian in sentiment. But if so, it injures nobody except M. Henri de Bornier. What it is, it is with an admirable frankness; M. de Bornier had a right to write it; I think the Comédie Française had a right to play it, the French people had a right to see it played, and the Sublime Porte had no more right to protest against its production than it would have had to demand that Voltaire's drama on the same subject should be burnt and prohibited.

I can understand that Indian Mussulmans may shrink from "the mockery of the Prophet on the stage" on the ground that it is difficult or impossible for a Christian to put himself in a position of sympathy with Islam. It must be allowed that such a difficulty exists. I am a Christian, and in any contrast of the two men, Jesus and Mahomet, perhaps I am insensibly inclined to regard Mahomet with less favour. With all faculties awake, I see in the mere humanity of Jesus an incalculable superiority. It is not, however, as a Christian, but as a dramatist, that a man writes his play; and both in the life of Jesus and in that of Mahomet there is a wealth of dramatic material that is entirely independent of the religious aims of either. In the one case we have a drama of great strength and beauty, beginning with the entry of a provincial carpenter into Jerusalem mounted on an ass, and surrounded by crowds of men, women, and children, strewing boughs of trees on the road before Him, and shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David," and going on to as base a conspiracy, splendidly ignored, and as shameful a death, patiently borne, as ever came of the cruelty and self-seeking even of a priestly aristocracy. On the other hand, we have a drama full of striking situations and thrilling moments, beginning with the flight of a camel-driver from Mecca, with the assassin's knife behind him, and his return as a conqueror, to break the idols of the Caaba, but to forgive his enemies.

Christendom sees that the material incidents of the story of Jesus are things apart from His

spiritual message, and so it goes to Oberammergau to see Joseph Maier enter Jerusalem as Jesus, whip the traders as Jesus, be kissed by Judas as Jesus, be smitten as Jesus, and finally be crucified and die as Jesus. And if the fifty millions of Indian Mussulmans who are said to be "irritated at the mockery of their Prophet on the stage" claim for the mere human incidents of the flight and return a sanctity that no dramatist may violate, they are not to be pampered in their religious sensibility, but to be reasoned out of it, as a morbid and unnatural thing which the Prophet's first Calife would have condemned as a false worship of man and a dishonour to God.

HALL CAINE.

REVIEWS.

A MARTYR OF YOUNG ITALY.

FEDERICO CONFALONIERI. *Memorie e lettere pubblicate per cura di Gabrio Casati.* 2 vols. 8vo. Milano: Hoepli. 1890.

AMONG that admirable group of Italian martyrs who paid with their sufferings in the dungeons of the Spielberg their repugnance to the Austrian domination, Count Federico Confalonieri has always stood out as one of the noblest figures. It was but natural that the publication of his Memoirs, edited after so many years by one of his relations, Count Gabrio Casati, should be particularly interesting to all who have studied from its beginning the history of those aspirations towards Italian independence which were to bear such marvellous fruit. Count Confalonieri, born towards the end of the last century of a distinguished Lombard family, had kept aloof from political life during the Napoleonic period, and turned his talents and his activity to studies on economical problems, and to the diffusion of popular instruction and the assistance and increase of benevolent institutions. When the Napoleonic Empire fell, and with it was destroyed that ephemeral Italian Kingdom created by Napoleon, which had caused so much Italian blood to be shed on French battlefields, Count Confalonieri could not remain a passive spectator of events. His high social position, and the great esteem which he enjoyed in Milan among his countrymen, called him to take an active part in those anxious moments, and to try to save at least some remnants of independence to the Lombard provinces. Sent with others to Paris on a mission to the Allied Powers that, if possible, Lombardy might not be entirely sacrificed to the ambitious cupidity of Austria, he and his colleagues did not spare any effort in their hopeless task.

The first of his letters, published together with his Memoirs, are very interesting on this point, and contain many curious details. However, every effort was vain. "We came here," he writes to his wife, "to ask for the existence and the independence of a country after it had been sold. We had yesterday an audience of the Emperor of Austria. 'You belong to me by right of cession and by right of conquest. I love you as my good subjects, and as such I shall have nothing more at heart than your welfare.' With these first words he opened the audience. He did not leave unsaid anything flattering and paternal in little more than half an hour of friendly conference, but he spoke as a master, and there was no place for conditions." Vainly they turned themselves to Prince Metternich, to the Russian Emperor, to the representatives of the other Allied Powers; they only found everywhere courteous repulses. Even from the representatives of England, of whom they hoped most, they could not meet with a different reception; and Lord Castlereagh took even the trouble to persuade Confalonieri that nothing could have been more to the advantage of Lombardy than to abandon herself entirely, without conditions or reserves, to the Austrian domination. "From the paternal Government of Austria," concluded Lord Castlereagh, "you

have nothing to fear. I do not conceal from you that I believe your interests to be sufficiently protected without insisting for a constitution which, when not necessary, is almost always mischievous." Vainly Count Confalonieri told his interlocutor that the conditions of Italy were greatly changed; that new currents of life and thought had penetrated into the country such as to render unbearable the state of things prepared for her, and dangerous for the whole of Europe. Nor had he a better fortune with Lord Aberdeen. Either because they would not or they could not do anything, the English representatives merely shrugged their shoulders, and the last hope of the Lombard Mission failed. Italy was doomed.

With a sore heart Confalonieri left Paris in June, 1814, but before re-entering Italy he went for some time to England. This country attracted him, and exerted upon him that powerful fascination which England hardly ever fails to exert on the minds of Italians. It was besides a memorable moment for England, and a visit there at that moment had a more peculiar interest for a man of Confalonieri's mind and cultivation, to whom all the best society of London opened its doors. He went back to his country after having seen a great deal of English men, and of English institutions; nor did his observations fail to bear fruit. A movement was then beginning in Italy with a tendency to cause a great and wide-spread renovation of ideas, while trying to avoid arousing the jealous suspicions of the Governments who were watching anxiously every sign of life. To this movement Confalonieri lent all his activity, and his letters of that period bear ample testimony to his zeal. The introduction of steam-boats was then calling the attention of Europe, and Confalonieri was among the first to introduce one of them on the Po and to make its importance felt for the river navigation of Lombardy. Also the introduction of better systems of agriculture, and above all the promotion of popular instruction, led to an incessant study of systems, and an exchange of ideas which had the effect of bringing together and creating new bonds between many of the best intellects of Italy, especially in the Lombard and Venetian provinces, in Tuscany, and in some parts of the Pontifical States. Almost everywhere the aristocracy was at the head of those movements, which were in appearance isolated and spontaneous, and against which the Governments could not well act with violence, though failing not to oppose them with all sorts of petty but often insurmountable bureaucratic obstacles. Perseverance, however, had almost always the best of it, and taking the difficulties into account, the results were noteworthy. "As to the schools," wrote Confalonieri in March, 1820, to one of the principal men of Tuscany, the Marquis Gino Capponi, "our position makes it absolutely necessary for us to get publicity and the universal sanction of public opinion. Thank God we are on the point of obtaining a decisive victory. I am now in intimate relations with your excellent Tuscans. They have acted most kindly and in the way most adapted to our purpose by subscribing to our Association. These facts will act as an excellent example to draw together the Italian family."

But for this very reason these aspirations helped on one side to increase the vigilant suspicions of the Governments, and on the other to allure those noble and active souls towards a more direct course of action. With an intuition of the future, the justness of which has been later proved by history, their minds turned towards the Prince of Carignano, the nephew and heir presumptive to the King of Sardinia. The thought began to be entertained of an action which might in some way wrest Lombardy from the hands of Austria and unite it to Piedmont. The future Charles Albert shared in this thought, and Confalonieri was doubtless in correspondence with the Prince and conscious of the secret schemes which led to the movement of 1821 and to the consequent reaction of Austria. One of the principal victims of this reaction was of course Confalonieri. Con-

demned to death after a long and cruel trial, his life was spared only that he might be entombed alive in the dungeons of the Spielberg which the classic book of another victim, Silvio Pellico, has rendered famous.

The sufferings of those unfortunate men are too well known to be related again here in the details given by Confalonieri in his Memoirs. They confirm the story already told by other prisoners, and it may be enough to mention as an example that each prisoner was to have divided his cell with and be chained to a common murderer; but this additional torture was spared to them, out of regard for the murderers, whose treatment was far less hard. The part of his book which has a new interest, and more important to history, is the revelation of the interview that the prisoner had at Vienna with Prince Metternich before he was sent to the Spielberg.

During the trials of 1821, the inquiries had been particularly tormenting and minute in Confalonieri's case, as it was known that he had in hand many threads of the conspiracy; and, above all, because it was hoped that his revelations might have been compromising for the Prince of Carignano, and give Austria the means of obtaining his exclusion from the throne. When the sentence of death was passed on Confalonieri, it was in vain that his father and his noble and unfortunate wife flew to Vienna, and implored the Emperor, who sternly and absolutely refused mercy; but yet it was understood that mercy might be obtained on an impossible condition. "You did not think, even for an instant, that the ignominious way of saving myself could ever be possible"—so he addresses his wife in his Memoirs—"and bless you, my Teresa, for neither thinking of making me hesitate, nor believing that I could be weak."

However, the sentence of death was at last commuted into imprisonment for life, and Confalonieri, who was very ill at the time, while going with his companions to the Spielberg could not endure for long the hardships of the journey, and had to be left behind for some time. When he could resume his journey he was brought to Vienna, and to his great astonishment instead of a prison he was lodged in an elegant apartment, and, though still kept in chains, treated with every consideration. After a few days he was told that he was to see a great personage—perhaps the Emperor himself—but at the end it was Prince Metternich who came in person to visit him. In reading, as related by Confalonieri, the long and interesting interview to which we refer, one feels as if one were assisting at a fencing tournament, into which Metternich put all his ability to touching his adversary, and Confalonieri to avoiding being touched. Metternich made a skilful show of great frankness. "You had the bad luck of being seduced by attractive but false ideas," he said. "You have followed the impulse of a misguided period which is now passed. We have been everywhere, and are by far the strongest, and the struggle has been decided for many generations. Our cause is therefore not only the better one, but also the more fortunate, and to oppose it would be a folly and lead to great trouble, so that to abandon the opposite cause becomes no more a betrayal, but a duty. Now the Sovereign himself begs of you that you should co-operate with us to consolidate the tranquillity of his States, and more particularly of your own country. During your trial you have done everything to conceal the truth, and the judges have implored the Sovereign not to give place to indulgence. His Majesty, therefore, in sparing your life has acted towards you with an extraordinary clemency. You may have believed that your honour obliged you to follow the course you have followed, but everything has its time. Now it is His Majesty himself who wishes to know the truth from you, and one does not ask from you judicial depositions, but simple information. From the trial we have even too many details, but some points remain obscure because the most important people have not appeared in the trial, and they were

in close relations with you. The Government does not want to punish anybody, but in order to provide for the tranquillity of the State wants to know at least of what its principal subjects are thinking. We are clear about public opinion. The people never take an interest in changes except when they are under discomfort, which is not the case in any of our provinces. The middle class likes changes, and must be watched, but meets always its counterpoise in what is called the first class. Now this class is intact in our hereditary States, but not so in Lombardy, where the evil has penetrated through several people among whom you are one, but you are not alone. We know them well" (and the Prince mentioned some names), "and we know their political principles, their ideas of reforms, of ameliorations, and so on; but we want to know some more particulars of the part taken by them in the last events, and on that point you, the only one with whom they have ventured to act, are the only one who can co-operate with us, just as two diplomats would work together if they wanted to clear up some important point."

The cautious answers of Confalonieri, who obstinately though respectfully refused to make revelations of any kind, did not for some time discourage Prince Metternich. He renewed his arguments, turning them particularly against the tendencies of the "so-called moderate or pure Liberals, doctrinal philanthropists, associated for the progress of enlightenment, of universal civilisation, and all such kinds of men of whatever nature, kind, and category, concealed by all the specious titles they can find." Neither the ablest arguments of the astute statesman, nor the most seducing offers, had power to shake the firmness of the poor martyr. The Prince took leave with the same amiable urbanity which he had exhibited throughout the interview, and as Confalonieri himself says, "It would be superfluous to add any remark to this memorable interview between one of the greatest statesmen of our time, and a wretched prisoner, who was to be sent next day for the whole of his life to the most terrible gaol in the Empire."

The remaining chapters containing the story of his long sufferings are, as we have said, a sort of confirmation of the story already described in the pathetic book of Silvio Pellico. The letters written after his liberation have not much historical interest, but, like the rest of the book, are the expression of one of those souls sincerely good and true, who can sometimes rise to heroism, and then retire to a quiet useful life, humbly unconscious of the halo which surrounds them.

THE HISTORY OF SANITARY ADMINISTRATION.

NATIONAL HEALTH. Abridged from "The Health of Nations" of the late Sir E. Chadwick, K.C.B., by B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. London: Longmans. 1890.

THE Scotch have a proverb, "The clartier the cosier," which may be rendered into English "The dirtier the pleasanter." Perhaps other countries have as ingenuous proverbs on the want of cleanliness; but, whether this be so or not, the proverb's frank confession undoubtedly represents the feeling of other than poor Scotch folk, as dirty habits, ill-drained houses, and dislike of ventilation in many countries testify. A clerical friend avows that the closeness of the rooms which it is his duty to enter puts always a very definite period to his ministerial consolations. After a certain time, will he nil he, he is evicted. True, if he were to stay long enough, he would reduce his own sensibilities to the same state as those of his parishioner. He would acclimatise himself to the closeness of the sick-chamber. Yet we have no doubt that he suffers long, longer than he professes. In truth, he represents in sanitary matters not a church, but a class militant—a class that has learnt the benefits of sanitation and is doing battle for them. Dirt his enemy is hateful,

or rather insufferable to him and to us. It is one of the enemies of the civilisation which we are gradually introducing among ourselves. Sir Edwin Chadwick's book might be termed notes on the spread of this form of civilisation. Viewed in this light it is a missionary work, and recounts something of the history of our sanitary propaganda. It is, it may be noted, the book not of a specialist, but of an administrator. It deals with the medical man, the sanitary inspector, the civil engineer, the poor law guardian, and the school teacher; chiefly in their capacity of public or municipal officers. The writer is ready to use special knowledge at every turn, but in fact he is rather a commissioner, factor, or agent in the employ of the community for the management of a great mass of general business that concerns its social welfare, than a specialist in any one department. This is the keynote of his book: it is the record of the experiences and suggestions of an administrator who constantly tested existing methods by reference to nature, who appealed to nature against the social man, and, in a word, introduced science into administration.

Since the beginning of this century the English have in many ways re-made England. "National Health" was the work of a "nonagenarian;" for though Dr. Richardson has edited and abridged it from the "Health of Nations," it remains for the most part Sir E. Chadwick's own writing. The book covers a wide ground: the sanitation of the house and the town; the healthy education of children; intemperance and its prevention; statistical methods of testing the health of the community, and much else. It includes also a biographical sketch and a summary of progress in the Victorian age. Touching thus on many matters briefly and suggestively, it is likely to be useful to those who, as members of County Councils, School Boards, and Boards of Guardians, undertake multifarious duties for which they cannot but be often comparatively unprepared. They will find in it clear statements on many points of importance, the neglect of which leads to infinite harm, not infrequently when the culprit can no longer be brought under the ban of social justice, and his malfeasance is only reparable at great cost and after much suffering. In some particulars knowledge has pushed, and is pushing, ahead of the book. The question, for instance, of the adjustment of education to the receptivity of the child is far more elaborately treated at the present time, witness Dr. Francis Warner's book on "Mental Faculty." But for the most part the book sets forth opinions, now generally accepted, and in regard to which the main question is, How can we enforce them?

To treat of the subject historically would be impossible within the limits of our space. The necessity, the absolute necessity of preventive methods is the chief burthen of the book. This is put in every form: physically—adopt half-time, drill, etc., and out of two average children you will make two children with the productive force of three; commercially—a labourer is worth two hunters or a team of horses, an artisan a twenty-horse-power steam engine; economically—on every three orphan and destitute children reared so as to be no better than "wastrels" is a capital loss to the public of not less than £800; morally—workpeople living in dirty and insanitary districts as in old Glasgow were "marked by the abandonment of every civil and social regulation;" and so on. But now, granted all this—granted that under the house that Jack should build, the water must be drained to at least three feet below the surface; that the walls and floors of its rooms should be of some impermeable, easily washed, non-absorbent substance of a pleasant colour; that the air should be changed every three hours; that there should be good self-acting drains; and that there should be a cheap municipal water supply: granted, also, that there should be half-time schools, the school-rooms warmed from beneath, lighted from the left, the play-ground smoothly paved, the children drilled into incipient

Volunte
and man
gramme
The imp
ment ha
fact, sci
out ha
collecti
economi
if we kn
that wi
simple m
agency
able me

We
defects
which v
the like
which
which
beneath
children
theria
gest a v
Does n
trative
creasin
officers
the ve
must c
most c
cannot
propos
Accept
that w
most i
the off
place—
not de
perform
with
thrust
appoi
not ef
of ho
shoul
theles
offici
their
saniti
mott
have
est so
plish
if ou
wor
coin
good

GREA

It i
his
the
pos
Eve
is i
hap
the
It v
unf
fine
not
high
the
Be
tw
div
W
nis

Volunteers, and educated in the discipline of drawing and manual work—how shall we achieve this programme? In part it has already been achieved. The improvement is enormous; and the improvement has been accomplished in a simple matter-of-fact, scientific manner. Those who have carried it out have had no theory of communism, socialism, collectivism, and the like, no hankering after an ideal economic State. They have taken it as settled that if we know the facts, we can create an organisation that will do justice to our knowledge. And the simple method has been adopted of a superintending agency composed of able, intelligent, and indefatigable men, and fair payment for public local service.

We turn from this to recent failures and manifest defects—to still existing insanitary areas: houses to which water is not laid on, which are ill-drained, and the like; and to School Board schools the walls of which tumble incontinently down, the drains of which have been paid for but still protrude beneath the building lines, pipes but not drains, the children in which suffer from, or are liable to, diphtheria and other diseases. Do these things not suggest a weakness in the old theory of administration? Does not the very increase in the size of our administrative organisation make proper supervision increasingly difficult? At every stage we trust to officers and subordinates and sub-subordinates; yet the very largeness of the administration does and must overreach the means at the disposal of the most energetic officials; and often the supervisors cannot or do not supervise. And it is here that the proposals of the last generation seem to us deficient. Accepting their theory of administration, we feel that what they laid most stress on is not to us the most important issue. They set aside the citizen for the official. We must make the citizen resume his place—at least as competent supervisor. If this be not done, it will be found that he fails in the effectual performance of the larger executive powers which with the growth of our municipal system are daily thrust upon him, and our new system will disappoint us. We shall have changed our methods, but not effected our purpose. We shall know what sort of house Jack should have, at what sort of school he should be educated; but Jack will languish nevertheless, for we shall be overmastered by our own officials, and shall not know how to see that they do their duty by him. There is a growing faith in sanitation as a condition of civilised life; and the motto of Sir E. Chadwick's book, and of those who have to apply his suggestions, may well be *Magna est sanitas, et prevalebit*—so much has been accomplished, so much more certainly will be accomplished, if our leading citizens become—alas! for our modern words—good "felicitarians" (it is a word of the coinage of which Sir E. Chadwick was guilty) and good sanitarians.

A NEW LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

GREAT COMPOSERS: BEETHOVEN. By H. A. Rudall. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

It is difficult to say anything new of Beethoven or his works. But what Mr. Rudall has to tell us on the subject in the latest volume of the "Great Composers," is at least told in a very interesting style. Everything, too, in his well-constructed little book is in excellent proportion; and he mingles in the happiest manner biography and criticism. Of course the critical point of view changes with the epoch. It would be late in the day to lay much stress on the unfavourable manner in which some of Beethoven's finest works were received at the time of production, not by the public, but by a few critics of the highest competence, with Weber among them; and there is now a perfect consensus of opinion about Beethoven, as about no other master, between the two great parties into which the musical world is divided: the Wagnerians and the Anti-Wagnerians. With sufficiently catholic tastes in music to recognise the greatness of Wagner without adopting the

strange prejudices held much more rigidly by the Wagnerians than by Wagner himself, Mr. Rudall takes the liberty (as on the part of a professed Wagnerian it would be considered) of pointing out that Wagner was wrong in regarding the final movement of the Choral Symphony as an announcement on the part of the composer that instrumental music was henceforth to be regarded as inadequate to the expression of emotion unless accompanied by the human voice; for, as Mr. Rudall points out, Beethoven after composing the Choral Symphony turned once more to quartets without thinking for a moment of combining them with the human voice.

There are two recognised ways of treating the biography of a composer—either through the incidents of his life, or by his works in the order of their production. Mr. Rudall has combined the two methods, paying, however, particular attention to works which had a bearing upon Beethoven's career, and passing over some others. Beethoven's nephew has come in for so much abuse on the part of previous biographers, that Mr. Rudall—more, it may be presumed, from a horror of commonplace than from any misplaced sympathy for Carl—shows himself disposed to say a good word for the young man. His ingenuity does not, however, carry him beyond the following:—"Scamp as Carl undoubtedly was, one is almost inclined to commiserate the terribly severe retribution which has been meted out to him by posterity. The irreparable evil wrought by him in the life of a great man has caused his insignificant personality to be singled out for opprobrium from among other young men as bad or worse than himself, and has conferred upon him a place in history it is impossible to ignore; so that Beethoven's worthless nephew must ever figure prominently in any record of this last and saddest period of Beethoven's career."

Although Beethoven may be said to have done nothing in his life but produce one musical work after another, there is probably no composer about whom so many biographical anecdotes are told. Wagner and Berlioz travelled from country to country, formed projects and fought and suffered in endeavouring to realise them. All the musical countries of Europe were visited by Berlioz; and the same may be said of Wagner, who, finding it difficult to succeed in Germany, appealed to the country where Gluck, Spontini, Meyerbeer, and so many other foreign composers, had found encouragement. Beethoven scarcely stirred from Vienna, and if he never enjoyed such widespread fame nor such riches as were, half a century later, to fall to the lot of Wagner in Germany, Verdi in Italy, and Gounod in France, he was recognised almost from the beginning by the music-lovers of Vienna as the greatest composer of his time. The French knew nothing of him while he was alive, with the exception of a certain number of the officers in Napoleon's army, who just after the occupation of Vienna were present in large numbers at the first representation of *Fidelio*. In Italy, Beethoven's music is but little known even to this day, though his symphonies and quartets are played at the instrumental concerts so rarely given in the Land of Song. English lovers of symphonic music have, on the other hand, been always in touch with Beethoven; and it is gratifying to think not only that the Choral Symphony was written for the Philharmonic Society of London, but that the composer received in acknowledgment the sum of a hundred pounds at a time when he was much in want of it.

In Beethoven's time music was with the Viennese aristocracy not merely a pastime, but an earnest study; and many of the great nobles to whom Beethoven inscribed his quartets are in the present day only known by these dedications. "Representatives of noble houses," writes Mr. Rudall, "had their private orchestras and quartets; a passion, and in many cases a sincere love, for chamber music stimulated the industry of music in that pure and beautiful form of development which

has since for the most part been strangely neglected." Quartet writing, however, could not go beyond the point to which Beethoven carried it, especially in his latest and most dramatic examples of this form. A string quartet is obviously limited to four instruments of the same family. The orchestra, on the other hand, is susceptible to all kinds of developments and changes, and by the side of his own symphonic works Beethoven's quartets produce a delightful impression, but not a powerful one.

An appendix containing a catalogue of works, derived chiefly from Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," gives completeness to Mr. Rudall's interesting and valuable little volume.

THE BANGWEOLO COUNTRY.

LES LACS DE L'AFRIQUE EQUATORIALE. Voyage d'Exploration exécuté de 1883 à 1885. Par Victor Giraud, Lieutenant de Vaisseau. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1890.

THOUGH Lieutenant Giraud returned to Europe some five years ago, it is only quite recently that the handsome volume in which he has recorded his explorations has seen the light. The narrative is full of interest. The lakes of Bangweolo and Moero, which formed his objective point, had been unvisited by Europeans since Livingstone's time; and the observations of the latter traveller were left in an incomplete state, owing to his untimely death. The shape assumed by Lake Bangweolo on recent maps, which differs materially from that laid down by Livingstone, is a result of Lieutenant Giraud's surveys, and due to the fact that he timed his journey so as to reach it in the dry season, when alone the real shores can be approached. At the time of Livingstone's last journey, its limits were concealed by miles of flooded swamps.

Lieutenant Giraud, by-the-by, makes it clear, at the outset, that he does not approve of Livingstone. He also disapproves strongly of the action taken by the British Government in regard to the slave-trade on the East Coast; and, more strongly still, of the late Said Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, who, it appears, treated him very badly. He is evidently a person of strong convictions, and expresses them with a frank directness which is supposed to be the peculiar heritage of the navy. This fact—however one may differ from the said convictions—rather adds to than detracts from the charm of the book, and the racy, idiomatic French in which it is written.

After completing the usual tedious preparations at Zanzibar, Lieutenant Giraud crossed to the mainland on December 17th, 1882, and started—unlike most expeditions—not from Bagamoyo or Saadani, but from the more southerly part of Dar-es-Salaam. He took with him an iron boat, in sections, for the navigation of the lakes. Passing through Uzaramo, Kutu, and Uhéhé, and crossing with great difficulty the southern part of the Usagara ranges, the expedition reached the north end of Lake Nyassa. Thence they struck westward for Lake Bangweolo, which they reached on July 8th, 1883, after a toilsome march through the marshes of the Chambezi—the head-waters of the Congo. Launching the boat on the lake, they crossed it to Kawendé, on the southern shore. Here they found the Luapula flowing out of the lake in a southerly direction—to Lieutenant Giraud's great astonishment, for on Livingstone's map it is marked as issuing from the north-western corner. It must be remembered, however, that Livingstone's last observations were made under difficulties, in the midst of the rainy season, and with his last illness heavy upon him. Lieutenant Giraud did not completely trace the connection between the two lakes; but, after following the Luapula to the rapids of Kiwana, whence it appeared to flow to the north-west, he marched to the north, and rejoined the river before it entered Lake Moero. On the 5th of October, he reached Cazembi's town—the first white man since Livingstone to visit that potentate.

The present Cazembi, as he is described as a man of thirty, must be the successor of Livingstone's. From Cazembi's town the expedition proceeded up the eastern shore of Lake Moero, as far as Mlunga (reached at the beginning of November), and thence turned westward to Tanganika. At Karema, the station established by the African International Association—and now, we believe, abandoned—he met Captain Storms, and elsewhere on the lake, Mr. Hore of the L.M.S. Turning southward again, his route between Tanganika and Nyassa lay along the then incomplete Stevenson Road, and coasting down the western side of the lake, he reached Livingstonia, and thence passed down the Shiré, and by the African Lakes Company's route to Quillimane.

We can do no more than indicate the points of interest in this work. Whatever we may think of Lieutenant Giraud's views with regard to the Lakes Company and other matters, testimony of an evidently honest though perhaps prejudiced outsider is certainly of value. Then, too, the narrative is eminently readable, and gains in interest from the really beautiful illustrations of M. Riou. We should call attention to one point which seems to us to have been unaccountably passed over in recent discussions, though perhaps the delay in the appearance of Lieutenant Giraud's book may furnish the reason. On page 34 he devotes several paragraphs to the now notorious Tippoo Tip, and says that "au moment de mon départ" (i.e., in 1882) the latter arrived at Bagamoyo with his caravan from the interior, bringing news that Stanley was preparing to ascend the Congo as far as Manyema. The Arabs were furious at this, and had constructed several forts at Stanley Falls to bar his progress. M. Giraud does not commit himself to an opinion as to whether Tippoo had a hand in the construction of these forts, but subsequent events seem to make it probable that he had.

According to M. Giraud, moreover, Said Barghash (probably influenced by Tippoo Tip and the other slave-traders) did all in his power to prevent the engagement of labourers for the Congo State at Zanzibar, and was only persuaded to give way after a lively interchange of telegrams with Brussels. These facts alone, even without the aid of subsequent events, would tend to place Tippoo's readiness to take service with Stanley in a somewhat suspicious light.

IRISH NAMES AND ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS.

VARIETIES AND SYNONYMS OF SURNAMES AND CHRISTIAN NAMES IN IRELAND. By R. E. Matheson, B.L. Dublin: Thom & Co. 1890.

THE practice of the same person and members of the same family calling themselves and being known indifferently by two surnames which have apparently no connection, is one which is but little known even to residents in Ireland. It appears to have originated in laws passed in 1366 and 1465, requiring Englishmen to leave off the "manner of naming used by the Irish," and Irishmen in certain counties to take English surnames of towns, as Sutton, Chester; or of colours, as white, black, brown; or of arts, sciences, or offices, as smith, cook, butler. While some families abandoned altogether their Irish names, others have continued to use both English and Irish names interchangeably and synonymously to the present day. The following are instances of direct translations from one language into the other, the names being used indifferently, often causing great perplexity in the registries of births, deaths, and marriages, and in searches in registries of deeds:—

| <i>Irish Name.</i> | <i>English Equivalent.</i> |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| McShean | Johnson |
| Brehony | Judge |
| Duff | Black |
| Canavan | Whitehead |
| Gow and McGowan | Smith |
| Hooriskey (cold water) | Caldwell |
| Markey (a horseman) | Ryder |
| O'Neill | Neilson and Nelson |
| Cunneen | Rabbit. |

In other instances the names used synonymously are not direct translations, but modifications or corruptions; thus, Lavery, used as the equivalent of Armstrong, is evidently derived from the Celtic *lamh*, *laav*, meaning the hand and forearm. The connection between Melia as the equivalent of O'Malley, and McGrory as that of Rogers, is more evident than that between Bermingham and McGorisk, names registered by two brothers living in the same district, and used elsewhere synonymously. Illiteracy, causing variations in spelling, degradation, and curtailments, account for many changes by which one branch of a family retains a name almost abandoned by others. Thus John Fitzpatrick is known familiarly as Johnny Fitch: and his descendants continue to use the shorter name only.

Mr. Matheson's pamphlet is compiled for the use of registration officers, and records a great variety in the spelling of names as well as those synonyms between which no apparent connection exists. It will be found of great philological interest, and is a useful record of a custom rapidly disappearing. It is clear that family names are no indication of the racial origin of those who bear them. It might be thought that the "Greys" were of English extraction; but it is found that some still call themselves Grey or "Coolreavy," from the Celtic *riabhach* = grey. Mr. Matheson only professes to give a list of those names of which varieties have been reported by local officers, and some well-known equivalents do not appear in his pamphlet. The reduction of an Irish name into English writing necessarily causes a change, which thenceforth becomes permanent; thus a man known all his life as "Nogher na dooev" sets up a shop and superscribes himself as Cornelius Duffy. Interchangeability of Christian names is not so likely to mislead as variations in surnames, but such synonymous use and other peculiarities deserve notice. Florence, Sydney, Evelyn, and Winifred are used as applicable to both sexes. The following Christian names are used interchangeably: Florence and Finian; Eugene, Eoghan, and Owen; Gerald and Garrett; Moses and Aidan; Daniel and Dhonal; Jeremiah, Darby, and Dermot; Bernard and Bryan; Bedelia and Bridget.

THREE NOVELS.

1. THE WORD AND THE WILL. By James Payn. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. A HARVEST OF WEEDS. By Clara Lemore. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. AUNT ABIGAIL DYKES. By Lieutenant-Colonel George Randolph, U.S.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

MR. JAMES PAYN has, in the three volumes before us, given us a very fair instance of the way in which he writes for the people. There is not an obscurity in the book, nothing which the readers of a popular penny weekly cannot understand and appreciate; and yet it is no string of platitudes, it is not exasperating in its simplicity. The story is the main point throughout; Mr. Payn is more concerned with what the man did than with why the man smiled; yet, interesting and exciting as the story is, it has not the unnatural profusion of adventure which makes much of Mr. Rider Haggard's work wearisome except to children. The characters are drawn with a few bold, easy strokes; the miserly uncle and the heroine's sister are especially striking and lifelike; and the pages are not wasted with the accurate record of the useless results of a microscopic observation. Mr. Payn's humour is as fine as ever; the chapter on "The Spa" is particularly delightful; and, of course, somewhere at the very root of the story nestles a new—or, at least, an unhackneyed—idea. The originality, the humour, and the interest of the story explain its attraction for the people; but it has another merit, which might perhaps escape popular notice—the merit of good judgment. Mr. Payn is neither an adventure-dauber nor a miniature-painter; he walks between two schools and gains much by his choice. He has his story perfectly well in hand;

every incident has its purpose, and comes in just at the moment when it gives its effect best. A novelist is, doubtlessly, born and not made; but one cannot read this book without seeing that one of its claims to attention lies in a facility which must be due to experience. It would be no easy matter for an unpractised author to please the popular taste so thoroughly and, at the same time, to write so good and wholesome a story as "The Word and the Will."

We are somewhat ashamed of ourselves for having been completely enthralled by "A Harvest of Weeds." The incidents of this story are the incidents of melodrama; and we know that it is wrong to confess the least admiration for anything that is at all of a melodramatic nature. Yet, although we have a villain of almost transpontine villianity, a rightful heir defrauded of his bride and his inheritance, a detective of the old pattern, and a picturesque suicide, which seems positively to demand the trembling of violin-strings in the orchestra—although, in short, we have materials that are old and have been misused, we were interested in this book from beginning to end. This may partly be due to the fact that the hero is not only delineated with particular skill, but enlists at once the sympathies of readers. He is such a fine fellow, so thoroughly human in his strong points as in his frailties, that we become really anxious to know what happens to him. It is very seldom that we find such capital sketches of male characters in a book that bears a woman's name on the title-page as its author. Much of the interest, too, is due to the treatment of these commonplace materials. The dialogue is natural and often amusing; and the writing is for the most part bright and spirited. It is a book with which it is easy enough to find fault, but which it is not easy to put on one side until one has finished reading it.

The author of "Aunt Abigail Dykes" apologises in the preface for "the product of a rough soldier's pen. . . a poor offering to the cultivated, refined literary taste of the present century." The story gains in some respects, and loses in others, by being the record of persons and scenes with which the author was familiar. Some incidents, for instance, are depicted with a vivid dramatic power which leaves little to be desired; but the story as a whole is rambling, disjointed, and ill-constructed. It is a very long story; there is only one volume, but it consists of over six hundred and fifty pages of close print. We should have had no objection to the length if it had been necessary, but it is certainly not necessary. Why should any author pause constantly to interpolate into his story such hopelessly flat and profitless reflections as the following?—

"The story of the lowly worshipping the high is one of the ingrained elements of humanity. In all records of all nations it holds a prominent place. There seems to be a something in the uplifting, whether it be of eyes, or soul, or intellect, that induces adoration—worship."

Or, again—

"Are we, then, the creatures of chance, or do we follow out a path marked for us from the foundation of the world? Does our course shape us? or do we shape our course? Is there such a thing as man's 'free agency'? Answer who can?"

Such sentences as the above tempt us to think that the author has here laid his "rough soldier's pen" aside, and has his eye on the "cultivated, refined literary taste of the present century."

Many of the chapters are headed with quotations from an "Unpublished Play." We are not told what the title of the play was. Perhaps the following few lines from it may suggest one reason why it was unpublished:—

"Tis not ambition, Orestes, be sure. That virtue may find Soil and sustenance within a churl's heart just The same as thine. Nor is it Love: all nature Brings her offering unto Venus' altar; Nor Pride—for Satan was no hero; nor yet Religion—which the wise ones say is but A myth."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

FEW living men have had greater occasion to exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" than Mr. Ruskin; excessive adulation has been heaped upon him, and he has also had to endure an absurd amount of hero-worship of the baser sort. It is therefore refreshing to come across a "disciple" of the most distinguished art critic of the century, who writes about his "master" with a happy combination of reverence and candour. Mr. Cook—as readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are probably aware—is a thorough believer in the gospel according to Ruskin; but his faith is according to knowledge, and never descends into unreasoning credulity. This circumstance gives a special value to "Studies in Ruskin," a choicely printed volume of three hundred pages, in which Mr. Cook endeavours to set forth the central ideas and main drift of that memorable and even epoch-making group of books which began with "Modern Painters." It can hardly be denied that Ruskin has written too much, rather than too little, and there is truth in the assertion that nothing is easier for a captious critic than to pounce upon inconsistencies, and for a superficial reader than to fall into bewilderment. The cult which has sprung up in recent years around one of the most fascinating personalities in literature, is directly or indirectly responsible for the undue prominence which has been given to the chance and hasty utterances of a man who has never been haunted by that fear of inconsistency which Emerson termed the bugbear of little minds. It is only fair in this connection to let Ruskin speak for himself. "The fact is I have always had three different ways of writing—one, with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a great deal of what comes into my head; another, in which I say what I think ought to be said; and my third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head, for my own pleasure." We are glad to find that Mr. Cook is sensible enough to admit in so many words that "amongst the things that come most freely in Mr. Ruskin's head, and that give him most pleasure, are somewhat wilful paradoxes, uttered often, it would seem, with the single view of making himself misunderstood." The object of this little book is rather to explain Ruskin's position in art and morals, than to deal with the controversial aspects of his work and teaching. Happily the time has not come for an estimate of Mr. Ruskin's life and character, but many interesting glimpses will be found in these pages which incidentally throw light on the personal characteristics of the distinguished thinker, as well as on the method which underlies what some silly people seem determined to regard as his "madness." We think that Mr. Cook contrives to put the matter in a nut-shell, when he asserts that Ruskin took the "gospel" of truth, sincerity, and nobleness as he had learnt it from Carlyle, and applied it in a realm with which the sage of Chelsea had neither part nor lot. Afterwards Ruskin founded his "gospel of art upon principles of life," and turned its white light upon the "besetting materialism and commercialism of his age." In the concluding chapters of this interesting and temperately written book, Mr. Ruskin's relationship with the Working Men's College, the St. George's Guild, the booksellers, and industrial experiments of various kinds, are clearly explained. The volume contains a portrait, and a number of welcome illustrations.

The latest addition to the familiar "Pen and Pencil" series of illustrated books of travel is "Greek Pictures," by Professor Mahaffy. Cheap and ambitious gift-books of this sort sometimes prove on examination very unsatisfactory, and it is difficult to banish the suspicion that the illustrations have suggested the letterpress, and that literature has thus been made in an ignoble sense the handmaid of art. No such opinion, we make haste to add, will be arrived at by anyone who takes the trouble to read the slight, but by no means superficial, chapters in which Professor Mahaffy describes the outward aspect and social condition of modern Greece, or recalls the more memorable historical incidents which adorn its imperishable annals. The book is not intended for the student or the specialist; on the contrary, though popular in aim and scope, it is not written carelessly, or in the too familiar *ad captandum* strain. So far as the ordinary tourist is concerned, Greece—thanks largely to the reign of terror which the brigands have established, as well as to the inadequate means of locomotion—is comparatively still unvisited. Professor Mahaffy deplors the fact that no great painter has endeavoured to reproduce the beauty of its landscapes, and even the photo-

grapher with his "cold travesties of light and colour" has yet done but little to render the characteristics of a land, which is described in these pages as the "fairest and most fascinating of all the countries in Europe," known to fireside travellers. The book touches lightly—and chiefly by way of graceful passing allusion—on the Art treasures of Greece, as well as on the part which the nation has played in the intellectual development of the world. There are a number of illustrations in the volume, but whilst many of them are excellent, we regret the inclusion in the work of not a few of inferior merit.

Authors and publishers, and a good many of the folks for whom they cater, are certain to appreciate Mr. Edward Marston's genial and gossiping description of "How Stanley wrote 'In Darkest Africa.'" The dainty booklet is the expansion of a magazine article, revised by the light of later experience. It gives a graphic and amusing account of its author's experiences in Cairo, during the busy and anxious weeks when he mounted guard over the explorer and helped to keep inquisitive bores at bay, whilst Stanley, with indomitable resolution, busied himself with the book, for which it is scarcely too much to say the whole civilised world was clamouring. The hero of the hour was deluged with letters and telegrams containing advice gratis, and all sorts of absurd and sometimes impudent proposals. Mr. Marston quotes one telegram which duly exhorted the travel-worn explorer not to kill himself in the interests of either the makers or readers of books. It ran to this effect:—"Don't let the publishers or the lecture-bureau chaps worry you to death, simply because the world wants to know more fully, and by next week if possible, what you have done." Mr. Marston admits the wisdom of this advice, but all the same he kept the African lion pegging away, and stubbornly refused to quit Cairo until half of the precious manuscript had been safely consigned to his own portmanteau. There are some droll additional illustrations in the book representing Mr. Marston's mild adventures at Cairo on his first arrival in that city.

We have received the first volume of *The Expository Times*, a new magazine primarily intended for preachers and Bible-students. Amongst the contributors are Professor Sanday, Principal Rainy, Dr. R. W. Dale, Dr. Parker, Dr. Maclaren, Dr. Rothe, the Rev. G. A. Smith, and other well-known theologians of the Evangelical school. The magazine contains practical papers on various departments of pulpit work, and critical expositions of difficult passages of Scripture. Brief reviews of theological books are also given, as well as hints for Sunday-school teachers and other Christian workers. A bright and hopeful tone pervades the magazine, and we imagine that it will prove of real service in many a country parsonage, or village manse.

"The Girdle of the Globe" is a tremendously and terribly Scotch effusion: it is introduced by the design of a guardian thistle, with the usual device "Nemo me impune lacessit," a threat which we should venture to neglect were "Ralph's" book worthy of serious consideration. But it is not worthy; it is full of blunders; and the greatest is, that he should describe his doggerel as "a poem." Dr. Johnson defines doggerel as "vile, despicable, mean," as "worthless verses," and, if we quote "Ralph's" opening verse, our readers will probably agree with us about the correctness of Dr. Johnson's definition:—

"It was with the P. and O.
That I booked myself to go,
In their good ship the *Victoria* hight;
To go round and see the world,
With my gallant sails unfurled,
And to witness how it twisted in its flight."

This kind of writing, with no humour to redeem it, and varied only by an occasional song in metres equally wretched, continues through the three hundred and fifty pages of "Ralph's" cantos. In the first canto the author describes his sea-sickness with his usual tediousness, and with disgusting minuteness. It is difficult to say whether the bad taste of this, or of the binding of his volume, is the greater outrage to his readers.

NOTICE.

—o—

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and Advertisements to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than THURSDAY morning.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| Yearly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | £1 8s. |
| Half-yearly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 14s. |
| Quarterly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7s. |

* STUDIES IN RUSKIN: SOME ASPECTS OF THE WORK AND TEACHING OF JOHN RUSKIN. By Edward T. Cook, M.A. Illustrated. Orpington and London: George Allen. Crown 8vo.

GREEK PICTURES DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society. Imperial 8vo. (8s.)

HOW STANLEY WROTE "IN DARKEST AFRICA": A TRIP TO EGYPT AND BACK. By E. Marston. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. 12mo. (1s.)

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Edited by the Rev. J. Hastings, M.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George Street. Small 4to. (4s.)

THE GIRDLE OF THE GLOBE: OR, THE VOYAGE OF "MISTER MUCKLE-MOUTH." Being a Poem descriptive of Toil and Travel round the World. In ten Cantos. By Ralph.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

IN his speech at Swindon on Tuesday, MR. MORLEY completed the discomfiture of COLONEL CADDELL, and repeated his indictment against the Great Absentee. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH is the only Minister who has attempted to answer this. The President of the Board of Trade is not wanting in shrewdness, and he cannot really imagine that talk like this is argument:—"If any important condition of affairs were to arise in Ireland, he was sure that MR. BALFOUR in Scotland would be very much more competent to deal with it than MR. MORLEY in Ireland." That is the kind of impertinence which wins a cheer from a Tory meeting, and would be natural enough in MR. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, or in the journal which says that "an amateur critic" like MR. MORLEY has no business to sit in judgment on an infallible official like COLONEL CADDELL. But that SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, who is usually moderate and fair-minded, should fall to this level, shows that on the chief count against coercion Ministers have really no answer to make.

MR. BALFOUR has written a letter from the east of Scotland in which he asserts that "no positive or formal conclusion" about the potato blight can be formed "until the potatoes are dug towards the end of this month." But he admits that the failure "in particular localities is undoubtedly serious," which is no more than any competent observer has alleged. How far the measures taken by the Government will be "sufficient to deal with the distress" it is impossible to say, though experience teaches us to be dubious. MR. COURTNEY has travelled through the threatened districts, and he says that the emergency can be met by "local organisation, supplemented by Irishmen interested in the localities in question." Such a supplement means charity, and the assumption that the charitable impulses of local landlords will stave off starvation is not a particularly well-founded objection to the American Famine Fund. Moreover, as the special commissioner of the *Star* points out, the peasants cannot count on the help of the shopkeepers, while the shrinkage of the oat crops and the fall in the price of stock must still further cripple their resources.

MR. COURTNEY declared, in his speech at Belfast, that the only way to maintain the Union is to impress on the mind of Great Britain that "the cause of the Union is the cause of Liberal progress, of education, of development, material and moral, in Ireland." The Tories, who are in office, might be slow to grant reform, but the Liberal Unionists should insist on having it, and they should not hesitate to criticise the Government, "unpleasant as the criticism might be." MR. COURTNEY is always full of these counsels of perfection, but when have his party shown the smallest disposition to act on them? What has "the cause of Liberal progress" to do with Tipperary justice? How does COLONEL CADDELL assist the process of moral development? What has LORD HARTINGTON done to ensure the fulfilment of the Ministerial pledge to give Ireland a rational system of local government? And, finally, what is MR. COURTNEY's contribution to the criticism which is so necessary, however unpleasant? The irony of his

position is intensified by the circumstance that he said all these admirable things to the Unionists of Belfast, to whom a genuinely Liberal scheme of local government would be as obnoxious as a Home Rule Bill.

THE convention of Irish members of Parliament which was held in Dublin on Monday was presided over by MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in the absence of MR. PARNELL. Some sixty members of Parliament were present. These did not include any of the defendants at Tipperary, steps having been taken to compel them to be in useless attendance before MESSRS. IRWIN and SHANNON throughout the whole day. The resolutions unanimously accepted by the convention expressed indignation at the vindictive action of the Executive in aiding syndicates of landlords to evict bodies of tenants "to whose sacrifices their brother-tenants are indebted for the Land Act of 1887," deplored the inaction of the Government in view of the contingency of a potato famine, appealed for help for the sufferers, and commissioned a number of members of Parliament, including MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN, to visit the United States, in order to explain the circumstances of the present struggle to the American people.

THE McKinley Act has given a fillip to the zeal of our own Protectionists, and MR. HOWARD VINCENT urges retaliation of the most determined kind. Some economists are writing to the Tory papers to demand the imposition of duties all round. "Why not tax imports of food?" asks one; "ten shillings a quarter on corn would mean an infinitesimal rise in bread." This wise suggestion will not be very welcome to the Tory wire-pullers, and they may yet have trouble with the zealots of their party who want to test a candidate's merits by his views about countervailing duties. There are apprehensions at Sheffield that many workmen will be thrown out of employment by the operation of the new American tariff, though there is some reason to expect that a rise of prices in the American markets will enable British manufacturers to maintain their competition.

THE accuracy of the *Figaro* interview with SIGNOR CRISPI is indirectly confirmed by the Italian Premier's speech at Florence. SIGNOR CRISPI shows a genuine anxiety to conciliate France, and there is little doubt that financial reasons enter largely into his calculations. The rebuke to the Irredentists, and the assertion that France is making advances to Austria, suggest that SIGNOR CRISPI would be glad of any reasonable pretext for relaxing the financial strain in Italy, where the burdens of taxation are almost too grievous to be borne. The comments of the French Press, however, do not promise a more pacific humour on the part of France towards the Triple Alliance than an attitude of jealous observation.

THE vote in Ticino on the revision of the Cantonal Constitution—the sequel to the revolution of a month ago—was taken on Sunday, and the Liberals were victorious by a majority of ninety-four on a poll of nearly 24,000. The further question, whether the task should be entrusted to the Great Council of the Canton or to a specially elected Constituent Assembly, was decided in favour of the latter by a

considerably larger majority. At present the Liberal victory is not by any means complete. There was a majority in favour of revision in only three out of the eight polling districts, Mendrizio, Bellinzona, and Riviera. It was made up very largely of non-resident voters, with whom the trains on the St. Gothard line were crowded on Friday and Saturday. Three other popular votes are impending, the election of a constituent assembly, the vote on the result of their labours, and the election of a new Great Council of the Canton. It is possible that the non-resident voters who turned the scale on Sunday will not be able to muster in equal force on all three occasions; while the Clericals, who depend on the rural districts, have their men on the spot, and are, moreover, said to be well supplied with funds. The Federal Council, it is reported, in view of the closeness of the vote, has summoned another Conciliation Conference.

THE budget of the London School Board discloses some grounds for misgiving. We say nothing of the increased expenditure; that seems unavoidable. But the decrease of the average attendance is disappointing, and the annual outlay of £200 on necessary repairs for every school gives us a poor opinion of the builders. MR. DIGGLE practically confirms the strictures on some of the early schools by admitting that much expense might have been saved had these been properly constructed. The suggestion that the attendance might be improved if the disputes between parents and the School Board were referred to a special authority is worthy of consideration. At present the system of compulsion certainly does not yield adequate results.

MR. MANN, and the other persons who are interested in the Dock Labourers' Union, have not yet made a complete answer to the grave charges which are brought against the Union officials by MESSRS. ALLAN BROTHERS & CO. According to these gentlemen, who pay £500 a week in wages in the Royal Albert Docks alone, the men engaged in unloading their steamers make as much as 15s. for a day's work ending at 5 p.m., and yet demand "extras" of an unreasonable kind, and, backed up by the officials of the Union, do everything they can to waste their time and the property of their employers. We would fain hope that there is some exaggeration in this statement; but unless it be very gravely exaggerated it establishes a case against the Labourers' Union which that body will have to meet. The whole strength of the Union, and of the men in their struggle with their employers last year, lay in the extent to which they had the support of public opinion. Without such support the dockers will speedily find themselves in a very helpless position. The public have already shown their sympathy with suffering workmen; but for workmen who are not only well paid but who deliberately neglect their work, no sympathy can possibly be felt. Action like that attributed to the Dock Labour representatives by MESSRS. ALLAN will do more to injure the cause of labour generally than any possible combination on the part of the employers. It is fair to add that MR. MANN and MR. TILLET seem to be striving to bring the refractory workmen to a sense of duty.

THE Mormon Elders, or rather their president, MR. WOODRUFF, have had "a special communication from the Almighty" ordaining the suppression of polygamy. There is a quaint mingling of superstition and practical common-sense in the administration of the Mormon Church. While MR. WOODRUFF professes that he is only acting in obedience to a Divine revelation, he justifies the step by pointing out the unwisdom of attempting any longer to fight sixty millions of people. So a great blot upon the fair fame of the American Republic is removed, and law triumphs

even in Utah. It would be interesting to learn, before we pronounce a decided opinion on the future of Mormonism, whether the disgusting and immoral system of so-called "spiritual marriages" is abolished along with the more ostentatious but less odious system of polygamy. By far the worst feature of Mormonism of late years has been the practice of "sealing" women as the "spiritual" wives of men with whom they had no open relation. Under the sanction of that custom the Mormon capital has become a hot-bed of vice.

WE refer elsewhere to the death of MRS. BOOTH, the wife of the leader of the great religious organisation known as the Salvation Army. MRS. BOOTH was a woman of very great powers of mind; and though it might be an exaggeration to say that she was the real founder of the Army, there can be no doubt that she supplemented the qualities of her husband in a remarkable way, and contributed largely to the success of a movement, the real merit and vitality of which people are only now beginning to recognise. Her death seems to have been felt as a personal sorrow by every member of the body of which she was regarded as the "mother;" and it is certainly an event which is far more worthy of notice than many things that occupy a much larger share of the world's attention.

MONEY has been more plentiful and easier this week, owing to the payment out of the Bank of England of the quarterly interest on the National Debt. In consequence of this, the outside market has been able to repay to the Bank a large part of the loans obtained last week, and the rate of discount has fallen to from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. During the week ended Wednesday night, the net withdrawals of gold from the Bank were only £99,000, while in the previous week they exceeded half a million. It is reported too that the supply of the metal required for Egypt will be obtained to a very large extent in Paris, and it is also said that nearly a quarter of a million will be received by the Bank of England from Paris. There are some hopes, too, that gold will be received from New York. On Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount. The Silver Market continues weak and dull. The price fell once more on Tuesday to 50d. per ounce, but it rose again on Thursday to 50½d. per ounce. For the moment it is entirely regulated by the purchases of American operators.

THE fall in the Stock Markets has continued this week, accompanied by rumours of impending financial difficulties inside and outside the Exchange. The heaviest fall has been in American railroad securities, most of which are at lower prices now than they have been for a long time past. To a considerable extent the fall is due to the liquidation of bad business by speculators in this country and upon the Continent. But it is generally thought that there is some cause of deep distrust in the United States which is not understood here. At all events the great capitalists in America are evidently not buying, the general public is doing nothing, and speculators are almost all selling. British railway stocks are likewise lower, and nearly every department is weak, the strongest being still the international. In Paris, speculators are still very confident, and their support wonderfully maintains the prices of nearly all securities dealt in there. At the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday, bankers charged from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent.—more moderate rates than were generally expected. But the rates of continuation within the Exchange were very heavy, especially in the American department, and it would seem that in spite of the long-continued selling there is still a considerable speculation for the rise.

THE ABSENTEE AUTOCRAT.

WE do not think we need apologise for returning to a subject to which we have already drawn the attention of our readers—the scandalous neglect of duty involved in Mr. Balfour's continued absence from Ireland. Mr. Morley's speech on Tuesday contained a reference to the subject which was well timed and necessary; but we must be forgiven for saying that we do not think that anything like sufficient attention has been drawn to this particular feature of the present system of administration in Ireland. What are the facts of the case by the showing of Mr. Balfour's own friends? Ireland is, we are told, being successfully administered, not under the ordinary law of the land, but under exceptional laws which place the Chief Secretary in the position of an autocrat. At this moment Mr. Balfour is all-powerful in the Government of Ireland. The Irish representatives, the local authorities, public opinion throughout the country, can do nothing. The Chief Secretary can do everything. When Mr. Forster was in office, in 1881, we had a somewhat similar state of matters, though it must be borne in mind that Mr. Forster never had the undisputed authority enjoyed by Mr. Balfour. It is true that the control of the Executive was in his hands; but he had to face at all times the jealous and unfriendly criticism of the class which is Mr. Balfour's most powerful ally—the landlord class of Ireland. Still, modified as the despotism was, Mr. Forster recognised it as a despotism, and realised the responsibilities it imposed upon the man who stood in the position of an autocrat. It was because of this feeling of direct personal responsibility that he wore himself out in those interminable railway journeys he was constantly taking between Dublin and London. He *knew* that the sole justification for the exercise of personal power is the possession by the man who wields it of direct personal knowledge of all the questions with which he has to deal. Mr. Forster, in short, had a conscience. He was unhappily engaged in an impossible task; but he brought to the attempt to discharge that task an honest determination that no sacrifice on his own part, not even the sacrifice of life itself, should be wanting in order to enable him to do his duty to the very best of his ability.

Mr. Balfour takes a different course. We are quite willing to admit that he takes what he conceives to be the best line in discharging the duties of his office. But two things, at least, are abundantly clear. The first is—that his theory as to the way in which he is to administer his personal government of Ireland runs absolutely counter to the opinion of civilised mankind; and the second—that, so far from involving him in any extra labour of mind or body, it leaves him to a life of ease, whilst throwing all the risks and all the burdens of his office upon others. We cannot conceive on what ground Mr. Balfour will find anyone to defend this course of action. There are still people who believe that personal rule is the best, and that, given a strong man, it is a good thing that he should be enabled to impose his will upon his fellow-creatures, and to rule them by it. But not even in Russia or Persia, where the firmest believers in the principle of despotic government are to be found, will a single man say a word in favour of a despot who is an habitual absentee—who exercises his "personal" rule, that is to say, by deputy. Yet this is what Mr. Balfour does in Ireland. Nor can anyone pretend that in Ireland the consequences are less serious than they would be in some Eastern autocracy. The "deputies" through whom the Chief Secretary imposes his personal rule upon the country, belong to a caste

between whom and the Irish people a great gulf has long existed. Rightly or wrongly, "the Castle," and all its machinery—policemen, inspectors, magistrates—are regarded with the strongest distrust by the overwhelming majority of Irishmen. Rightly or wrongly, also, one Chief Secretary after another has learned that for a true picture of Irish society he cannot trust to the officials who form the Castle ring. We cast no imputation upon their personal integrity; but they are the slaves of an odious system. They and their predecessors have been engaged for ninety years in trying to impose an alien rule upon Ireland, and it was inevitable that during the long years in which they have been occupied in this attempt, personal and caste prejudices should have accumulated and hardened around them, until now they can no more see fairly and dispassionately the facts of the situation in Ireland, than a Turkish pasha can see fairly and dispassionately the merits of the Christian religion as it is practised by the Armenians. Yet *these* are the deputies through whom our absentee autocrat now rules Ireland. Nay, they are, in addition, his chief—we may say, his only—source of information. Spending the pleasant autumn weeks in his Scottish home, he sees only through their eyes, judges only with their brains, strikes only by their hands.

It is impossible that such a system as this can result in anything but disastrous failure. If Mr. Balfour really aspires to rule Ireland, let him go there, and face his duties with the courage and resolution which so great a task demands. Absurd creatures writing in the Ministerial press profess to believe that we have some grudge against him because he plays golf; and they try to turn our demand to ridicule on this fantastic ground. Mr. Balfour is at liberty, so far as his critics are concerned, to enjoy himself in any way he pleases, provided he does the work he has undertaken to do, the work for which he has made himself individually responsible in the eyes of the country. At present he does not do that work. It is done for him by all manner of obscure or anonymous persons—by the Shannons, the Caddells, the Irwins, and their like. The one man who, when such a system of Government is forced upon a country, is bound by the most solemn obligations to remain in that country, and to place the whole weight of his personal authority and responsibility in the scale in favour of the despotic power with which he is armed, in this case stays hundreds of miles away, and leaves subordinates, of whom Parliament knows little or nothing, to play the part of deputy despots without let or hindrance. Is it wonderful that the breach is daily growing wider between the nation and the Executive in Ireland, that we have blunders as great as this prosecution of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon, and scandals as inexcusable as the attack by Colonel Caddell and his constables upon an unarmed and peaceable group of men, whose one fault was that they had cheered for Mr. Morley and groaned for Mr. Balfour? There is one thing, however, that is really wonderful. That is, the fact that those who honestly believe in Coercion as a method of governing Ireland, have not the intelligence to see how their cause is being betrayed by the man who is supposed to be its foremost champion. That view of the case cannot, of course, affect the judgment of Home Rulers. They may smile at the delusion of those who fondly imagine that personal rule can be carried on with efficiency by means of the telegraph; but when they see the immediate result of Mr. Balfour's neglect of his duty, the cruelty and oppression of which it is the cause, and the ever-growing bitterness between the people and the authorities which necessarily flows from it, they cannot but feel that the Chief

Secretary's action demands the serious attention of Parliament. We trust that one of the first motions in the coming Session will be for a return showing the number of days Mr. Balfour has spent in Ireland since he was made the ruler of that country.

IN TIPPERARY COURT-HOUSE.

IT is amusing to note the anger which is still nursed in the breasts of the Ministerialists against Mr. Morley for his audacity in going to Ireland a few weeks ago to see for himself how that unhappy land is faring under Mr. Balfour. No greater tribute to the effect produced by his visit could be desired than that which is furnished by the fact that even so reasonable a person as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been moved to address some very unmannerly insults to his predecessor in the office of Chief Secretary. For the outbursts of such persons as Mr. Long and the Solicitor-General, nobody cares a fig. But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is not a mere camp-follower of the Tory army. He has a character to lose, and the fact that he should have jeopardised it in his wrath against Mr. Morley is certainly significant. Nevertheless, Mr. Morley's visit, and his evidence as to what he saw at Tipperary, remain; and, as we have already said, all the floods of Tory eloquence that may be poured forth between now and Christmas will not efface the impression which they have made on the mind of the country. It is not the speeches of Ministers and their satellites that we have to fear. The one chance of a revulsion in public feeling which now exists lies in the possibility of a misunderstanding in England of what is now going on in the Tipperary Court-House before Messrs. Irwin and Shannon. Any excitement on the part of the defendants, any exaggeration of the facts by their counsel, is eagerly seized on by the Ministerialists as proof conclusive of their moral depravity; and the "scenes" that occur in the police-court are recorded at inordinate length in every Tory newspaper, whilst the circumstances which have given rise to these "scenes" are either lightly glossed over or carefully concealed. We value highly that feeling of respect for the law and its administrators which happily prevails in this country—a feeling founded upon the fact that here popular sentiment and the law are in complete accord. But whilst we regret that any one acting for the defendants at Tipperary should in any way do violence to English feeling in this matter, we cannot believe, if the facts are fully revealed, that the cause of Mr. Dillon and his fellow-defendants will be prejudiced by these occasional brushes between counsel and magistrates.

Let our readers remember, in the first instance, the character of the tribunal before which the defendants are arraigned. Mr. Morley in his speech at Swindon enforced what we have already said on this point. Whatever Messrs. Irwin and Shannon may be, it is not to be denied that for a long time past there has been an active feeling of personal hostility between them and the principal defendants they are now trying. Mr. Shannon, in particular, has been in personal collision with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, and they have brought his conduct under the notice of the House of Commons. Is it conceivable that they should, in these circumstances, be able to feel any confidence in his impartiality as a Magistrate? And can the English public feel such confidence when they take all the facts of the case into account? We have no desire to press heavily upon Mr. Shannon. It is his misfortune, not his fault, that he

has been sent by his superior officers—the men who are prosecuting Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien—to act as magistrate in the trial now going on. But what are we to say of the Minister who, in reckless defiance, not only of public opinion, but of common decency, sent Mr. Shannon to play this part in what is professedly a grave judicial procedure? If Mr. Balfour had wished to bring the present trial into utter contempt, he could have taken no more effectual step than that which he took when he gave Mr. Shannon orders to proceed to Tipperary. He, and he alone, is to blame if the people of this country treat the proceedings in the Tipperary Court-House as being an outrage upon the spirit of that justice which they are professedly meant to vindicate.

Nor are we without actual proofs of the impossible character of the task which the Chief Secretary has called upon this unfortunate magistrate to perform. Whatever Mr. Shannon's virtues may be, he is not exempt from the common frailty of our human nature; and exempt he would need to be, before he could put aside his personality in the part he is now playing. The worst of the "scenes" which have taken place during this trial occurred when Mr. Harrington retired from the Court. Mr. Harrington is no doubt a very excitable person, and we do not question the fact that at times he indulges in a violence of language which is not to be justified. But the cause of his angry collision with the magistrates last week was the fact that Mr. Shannon had prevented him from putting a perfectly legitimate question to a witness he was cross-examining. Mr. Irwin is the presiding magistrate; but it was not Mr. Irwin who interposed, but Mr. Shannon. Mr. Ronan, the counsel for the Crown, cannot be accused of lack of zeal in the performance of his duties; but, again, it was not Mr. Ronan who prevented the question from being put. Considering Mr. Shannon's antecedent relations with the parties, and their openly avowed distrust of his judicial impartiality, is it surprising that when he intervened in this fashion to limit the cross-examination of an important witness, he provoked an impetuous man like Mr. Harrington almost beyond endurance? So far from defending the occurrence of "scenes" between counsel and magistrates, we deeply deplore them. They can do nothing but harm to the popular cause. Let us in fairness, however, remember how they are produced; how intense is the provocation offered to the defendants and their representatives. Remembering these facts, and remembering also the vivacity of the Celtic temperament, our chief wonder is that these "scenes" occur so seldom.

One additional feature of the process at Tipperary calls for notice. On Monday last a convention of the Irish members of Parliament was held in Dublin. The meeting was as legal and as constitutional in its character as a meeting of the Cabinet. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien wished to attend that meeting if possible. They were bound, in the first instance, to appear at their trial at Tipperary; but they had every reason to expect that the Court would adjourn at such an hour as to enable them to reach Dublin in time to take part in the proceedings. In order to make certain of this, they engaged a special train, which waited for them in Tipperary Station throughout the day. Would it have been an act of excessive generosity on the part of the prosecution if they had assented to an adjournment at a reasonable hour, in order to enable these gentlemen to meet their colleagues? For our part we do not think so. But instead of acting with courtesy or generosity, those who were in charge of the proceedings at Tipperary took precisely the opposite course. By means of short

adjournments for an hour at a time, they succeeded, whilst not carrying the case a step further, in frittering away the time, and thus kept the Court sitting until nearly seven o'clock. The pretext on which these adjournments were made was that the medical evidence as to the health of one of the defendants, Mr. O'Mahoney, who was absent, was not satisfactory. In the end even the Court was satisfied that Mr. O'Mahoney really could not attend, and the proceedings were accordingly adjourned for four days; but in the meantime the Government had gained its object by preventing Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien from being present at the Dublin meeting. A glorious victory, truly! We can hardly believe the statement that the authorities had a special train of their own in readiness all day at Tipperary, in order that it might follow the defendants if they ventured to start in spite of the Court. One express train filled with policemen pursuing another filled with members of Parliament on an Irish railway is, indeed, the only spectacle still needed to convince Englishmen of the absolute insanity of the present Government of Ireland.

CANADA AND THE McKINLEY TARIFF.

THE discussions on the McKinley Tariff Bill have been closely followed in Canada. This is not surprising in view of the fact that it is the nearest and most important neighbour of the United States, and that its trade is expected to be considerably hurt by the new measure. It would appear, however, that the Canadians are not greatly alarmed. The speeches of Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Mr. Tupper, and other members of the Cabinet, are cheerful in tone, and full of confidence in the future of the Dominion. That the new duties may somewhat restrict trade with the United States is not denied, but the decrease is not expected to be serious; and it is evident that endeavours will be made to compensate for it by securing new markets for Canadian products. Owing to recent railway developments, all parts of the country are now in direct communication with the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and Canada is to-day better situated than ever to undertake a larger share of the commerce of the world. The Government of the Dominion is taking steps to establish a rapid mail service across the Atlantic; the new subsidised fast steamers will soon be plying between British Columbia, China and Japan; and the arrangement of closer commercial relations with the West Indies is engaging attention. A Commissioner has recently been appointed to make a comprehensive collection of Canadian produce for display at the forthcoming Jamaica Exhibition. He has been visiting the different provinces of the Dominion, gathering samples and information; and no doubt his sojourn in the West Indies will have the effect of stimulating much interest there in Canada and its commerce. Then again, an invitation was issued, some time since, to the Australian Governments to take part in a conference, with the object of establishing direct telegraph and steamship inter-communication and of encouraging trade. The meeting would have taken place long ago, but for the fact that confederation has lately been absorbing the attention of the Australian Governments, to the exclusion of all other subjects. The Australians, however, take just as much interest in the matter as the Canadians, and it is to be hoped, apart from the situation which has been created by the McKinley Bill, that a closer community of interest between our greatest colonies

will soon be brought about. Lastly, an attempt is to be made by Canada to increase her exports to Great Britain. We import an immense quantity of food products, most of which can be raised in Canada; but at present a small proportion of our supplies is sent by that country. It is to our manifest interest to encourage the development of our colonies, and this new endeavour will be watched sympathetically, even if no direct encouragement be possible.

Such, then, is the policy of Canada, and its wisdom is not open to question. The recent utterances of Canadian Ministers on the subject are not mere idle commonplaces, but the words of men thoroughly familiar with the history of United States trade for the last thirty or forty years. The McKinley Bill, after all, is but another move in the same game—the bolstering of the American manufacturer. Each of these moves has been much discussed, and its probable effect on Canadian trade declared to be far more serious than experience has since proved to be the case. Take the case of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, which was terminated in 1866 by the United States, to punish (so it was said) Great Britain, through Canada, for the sympathy which it was alleged to have shown for the South in the great struggle. It was regarded by some as a masterstroke of policy, bound to ruin Canada commercially, and force her to enter the United States! That result did not follow; on the contrary the termination of the treaty in question had much to do with the formation of the Dominion, which was effected in the following year. Since that time the country has progressed by leaps and bounds; it has now emerged from the primary stage of agriculture, and can boast of manufacturing and mining industries which are yearly growing in importance; and different provinces have been firmly connected by the Canadian Pacific Railway, a line which would not have been constructed for many years but for confederation. In fact, the blow aimed in 1866, helped to transform a number of scattered and isolated provinces into a nation. And each addition to the United States duties seems to have bound the Canadians closer together.

Canada has, however, made many efforts since 1866, as Sir John Macdonald recently pointed out, to be on better commercial relations with its great neighbour, and successive Governments have done all they properly could; but without success. At the present moment, there is a law in existence, providing that the duties on certain articles may be reduced, or altogether abolished, should it appear that the United States are prepared to evince a similar spirit of generosity. The McKinley tariff is certainly not a move in that direction. There is apparently an impression abroad that the agricultural interest will feel the effects of the new duties more acutely than any other branch of Canadian industry. That, of course, remains to be seen; but it may be mentioned that the exports coming within that category, which in 1889 were valued at about sixteen millions of dollars, form less than one-half of the Canadian exports to the States, and consist chiefly of articles that the Americans cannot well do without. Barley represents about six and a half millions, and it has always been said that, duty or no duty, the American brewers were bound to have it, as it is of a special quality not grown in their own country. Horses, cattle, sheep (the two last-named being chiefly calves and lambs for the Eastern States), and eggs, made up another five or six millions of dollars. This trade, from its very nature, is hardly likely to fall off largely; but even if it does, an excellent market exists in this country for any quantity of such produce. The same thing may, indeed, be said of barley also.

Altogether it appears not at all unlikely that one result of the McKinley tariff will be to bring Canada and the Mother Country into closer commercial communion than has hitherto existed. Canada is a better customer of ours than a cursory examination of its imports from Great Britain, and from the United States, would lead one to believe. In 1889 the figures were respectively 43,317,389 dols. and 50,537,440 dols. Canada, however, imports many articles from the United States, principally raw materials, which Great Britain does not export to any extent. Deducting such items, the figures are reduced to 40,993,100 dols. and 24,201,241 dols. respectively, representing manufactured goods of iron, cotton, wool, linen, etc. This clearly shows that it is to our advantage, apart from sentimental reasons, to encourage the endeavour which Canada is evidently about to make to increase her trade with the Mother Country; and, so far from the McKinley tariff proving injurious to the trade of the Empire, it may yet turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

LONDON AS IT MIGHT BE.

TWO eminent authorities—a London County Councillor and an architect—enlighten the world this month in the pages of the *New Review* on the subject of the Improvement of London. It marks an advance that the editor of a reputable magazine should recognise that there is such a subject as the Improvement of London; it is a distinct gain to have even one of our municipal ædiles articulate on the subject; and as for the architect, who speaks for the "people of taste," his wail of discontent is not unmingled with pleasant anticipations of a "General Council" of superior architects, who will govern and direct us all *à discretion*.

But Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse confine themselves, either from a practical modesty or from lack of imagination, to such conventional suggestions as new streets at the East End, arranged to form Parisian vistas, the decapitation of Queen Anne's Mansions, and the repainting of our vermilion pillar-boxes. Was it for this that we abolished the Metropolitan Board of Works, and raised the metropolis to the proud level of a rural county?

Probably, however, Mr. Lawson is merely discreet. He is unable yet to impart to the public any of the larger proposals for the improvement of the metropolis, which, as we make no doubt, a confidential committee of the London County Council is even now maturing. England expects from that Council, as several of its members are only too fond of reminding it, something more than a new thoroughfare here and there, or additional regulations under the Building Acts. The Council is said not to be altogether unconscious of its proud destiny, and though it is as yet only "mewing its mighty youth," we may be sure that visions of "London as it might be" visit the pillows even of its most modest member. We do not specially refer to Mr. Macdougall. The subject is a painful one at the Council, but there are other fields for London's self-improvement than the music-halls.

Let us consider for a moment the "London as it might be," without indulging in any dream more Utopian than that of seeing done in the metropolis what is accomplished elsewhere, or is but an obvious extension thereof. The hope of the future for dense urban communities admittedly lies in the wise extension of collective action. By himself the typical Londoner is a frail and sickly unit, cradled in the gutter,

housed in a slum, slaving in a sweater's den, and dying in the workhouse infirmary. Collectively he is a member of the greatest and most magnificent city which the world has known, commanding all the latest resources of civilisation, and disposing of almost boundless wealth. Accepting the principle of "Municipal Co-operation," which has proved so advantageous in the larger provincial towns, what can Londoners as citizens do for themselves collectively to make the metropolis a pleasanter home for its million families?

All things come from water, says the municipal Thales, and we may as well begin with that. We see in imagination the County Council aqueducts supplying London with pure soft water from a Welsh lake; the County Council mains furnishing, without special charge, a constant supply up to the top of every house; the County Council hydrants and standpipes yielding abundant cleansing fluid from the Thames to every street. All this, however, makes up but the rudiments of municipal water service. When every parish has its public baths and washhouses open without fee, every Board School its swimming-bath and teacher of swimming, every railway station and public building its drinking fountain and basin for washing the hands, every park its bathing and skating ponds—then we shall begin to show the world that we do not, after all, fall behind Imperial Rome in this one item of its splendid magnificence. By that time the landlord will be required, as a mere condition of sanitary fitness, to lay on water to every floor, if not to every tenement, and the bath will be as common an adjunct of the workman's home as it now is of the modern villa residence. And just as in some American cities hot water and superheated steam are supplied in pipes for warming purposes over large areas, we may even see the County Council laying on a separate service of hot water, to be drawn at will from a tap in each tenement. Why should London's million families waste their million fires every time hot water is needed?

The economy of fuel leads, indeed, to the municipalised gas-supply, then laid on, as a matter of course, to every tenement, and used, not only for lighting, but still more largely for cooking, in the stoves supplied at a nominal charge. With gas as the main source of domestic light and heat, most of London's smoke will disappear, and the rest will go when gas (or water under pressure) is used as the source of power for London's forty thousand workshops. Its thirty thousand factories will, by that time, really be compelled to consume their own smoke, and even the brightest of vermilion pillar-boxes may then no longer seem too gaudy for our repainted streets. Bright is the future, indeed, for the painter. We may even hope to see some kind of system in our present anarchic individualism of house-painting; and just as Regent Street to-day is repainted all at once, so some kind of street or ward committee may protect the public eye from the nuisance of absolute incongruity of date or hue. For by that time our nights will be as those of Norwegian summers with our electric midnight suns, and every quondam slum and alley, every common yard or stairway, will be fully illuminated at all hours. The municipal gas-lamp will be equivalent to thousands of extra police; and also, indeed, to several new Royal Commissions. Many of our municipal vices, to be hated, need but to be seen.

A modern city is already essentially a place of pipes, and the future London will be mainly "worked" from below the surface. Tunnels under every street will conduct innumerable pipes and wires for every conceivable purpose. In these days

of realism, we go for imagination, not to poets or novelists, but to our political economists, and, sure enough, here is Professor Marshall giving the County Councillors the needful hint, in a book which most of them will unfortunately never read. "Motive power," he says, "and possibly even heat, might then be generated at great distances from the towns (in some cases at the bottom of coal mines), and laid on wherever wanted. Soft water and spring water, and perhaps sea water, might be laid on in separate pipes to nearly every house; while steam pipes might be used for giving warmth in winter, and compressed air for lowering the heat of summer; or the heat might be supplied by gas of great heating power laid on in special pipes, while light was derived from gas specially suited for the purpose, or from electricity; and every house might be in electric communication with the rest of the town. All unwholesome vapours, including those given off by any domestic fires which were still used, might be carried away by strong draughts through long conduits, to be purified by passing through large furnaces, and thence away through huge chimneys into the higher air."

Then as to locomotion. In order to relieve the pressure of population in the centre, and reduce the rents of the metropolitan "Connaughts," the County Council tramways will doubtless be made as free as its roads and bridges. Taxes on locomotion are universally condemned, and the economic effects of a penny tram fare are precisely the same as those of a tax on the trip. The County Council will, however, free its trams on the empirical grounds of economy and the development of its suburban estates of artisans' dwellings, built on land bought to retain the unearned increment for the public benefit. Free trams may well imply free trains in the metropolitan and suburban area. Does not the Council already run a free service of steam-boats on the Thames at North Woolwich—eventually, no doubt, to be extended all along the stream?

Public libraries and reading rooms in every ward are nearly here already, but we may expect that the library and the public hall will go far to cut out the tavern (at present our only "public" house) as the poor man's club. Public lavatories and waiting rooms, with conveniences for writing, telegraphing, and telephoning, will be adjuncts of every public building. The "tape" (perhaps purged of its sporting items) may become a public institution, just as Reuter's telegrams are to-day subscribed for by Colonial Governments for the gratuitous satisfaction of the public curiosity. As for bands of music in the parks, municipal *fêtes* and fireworks on "Labour Day," and other instances of the communalisation of the means of "enjoyment"—all this is already common form in France. The parks, indeed, will be tremendous affairs. The new towns in the suburban belt will, as at Chicago, be connected by shady avenues, expanding at intervals into a ring of parks, intersected by winding country lanes, bought up and preserved by a generation to whom Rye Lane, Peckham, and Lisson Grove serve as hideous warnings of the consequences of neglect.

And the cost of it all? Probably much less than is already wastefully spent on similar objects by London's million families. "Municipalisation" usually implies merely the substitution of collective for individual spending, the progress from private to co-operative outlay. For the rest, London's annual unearned increment would of itself suffice. It is not money that is lacking to turn "London as it is" into "London as it might be;" but only ideas, some growth in public imagination, and a development of the ordinary civic virtues of municipal life. Let us diligently seek to make our London what it can be, and all these shall be added unto us.

THE WOMAN AS HERO.

FIFTY years ago, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, lecturing at the Royal Institution, began his discourse by reminding his audience that "a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him," and starting from that fact, proceeded to describe, with a poet's fancy and an orator's tongue, the types of Hero that the world has seen. The function of Mr. Carlyle's hero is always to preach. There is the eloquent hero who addresses multitudes with voice or pen. There is the silent hero who, preferring quiet example to clamorous precept, offers them only heroic acts to emulate and a heroic pattern to attain. But both types in their own ways are preachers, and their essential characteristic is that they should be sincere.

We wonder how far Mr. Carlyle would have admitted to a place among his heroes the remarkable woman whose remains are now lying in state at Clapton, surrounded by the emblems of the great organisation which she helped so largely to create, and attended by a pomp that is more often seen in the ceremonials of an older church. For a whole generation since the day when, feeling, as she quaintly phrased it, that "the controversy had been signally roused" in her soul, she first ascended the pulpit of her husband's chapel at Gateshead, Mrs. Booth was an indefatigable preacher. By preaching she and her husband created the Salvation Army. By preaching they together made it into a disciplined and enormous force, in emotional ethics irresistible, strong enough to live down scoffs, successful enough to conquer esteem. It is not difficult to point out failings in the system which they adopted, or follies among the innumerable followers whom they gathered round them. No doubt the Salvation Army contains and covers some unrealities, some shams and burlesque, is constantly hysterical in conduct and grotesque in phrase. So in many ways was the Puritan Revolution. No doubt it appeals to the very poor by methods which, to men of a higher habit of mind, sometimes come near vulgarity. So, we imagine, did the Preaching Friars. No doubt, existing in an age of advertisement, it has adapted itself thereto. No doubt, like all other religious institutions, it has not disdained the wisdom of this world in seeking the wisdom of another. No doubt the determination to do good, almost by any means, leads towards methods which are not without alloy. But, when all that is admitted, the claim of the Salvation Army to respect as the one voice preaching against materialism to multitudes whom no other voices reach, remains uncontested and acknowledged; and the credit of that great religious movement, with the hope and improvement which it has brought in its train, belongs largely, if not chiefly, to the courageous and devoted woman who dedicated her life to the cause which she loved to describe as the battle of Christ.

Mrs. Booth was among the heroes whose preaching took chiefly the form of eloquent talk. It is not necessary—and in view of her career it is silly—to pretend that she was the shiest and most retiring of her sex. "Next to fighting for the coming of God's kingdom on earth," she once said, "it has always been my first endeavour to obtain their natural rights for women." The combination of the two aims is characteristic. In her endeavour she did not shun, but courted the world's gaze. The platform was her engine of attack. Publicity was the weapon with which she tried to conquer the attention and opinions of the world; and in part she succeeded. Mrs. Booth's life suggests a comparison with the lives of two other remarkable

women who in these latter days have shown what women may do. One is the brave lady known as Sister Rose Gertrude, who some months ago went out to Hawaii to labour among a pestilence-stricken people, with a devotion only too likely to end in death, but who, if recent rumours may be believed, has found her powers unequal to the task, and now despairs of accomplishing what she had desired. It is not given to everyone to succeed as Mrs. Booth succeeded in the line she had chosen for herself, and sometimes, it may be, the best ambitions climb too high. But the spirit of fine enterprise which took Sister Rose Gertrude to Hawaii is not likely to be deterred by any slight check, and if disappointed in one place, it will find a field elsewhere. The other hero of our time whom we referred to, perhaps the most notable woman of the three, is the celebrated lady who, possessing in a high degree the "power of the royal hand that heals in touching," has ever since the days of the Crimea been the constant friend of every movement that tended to give women scope and to make women wise, the loved counsellor of some of the wisest men of her generation, the example of how women may find their own work and inspire men's, yet always aloof from notoriety, and making no claims to public praise, no appeals to public admiration. "The woman's power," says the greatest of Mr. Carlyle's disciples, "is for rule, not for battle," and though that was not the belief of Mrs. Booth, it may have been the guiding principle of Miss Nightingale's career. Her preaching is the preaching of a noble lifetime, which needs no platforms and no press reports. It is not less effective, less brave, or less continuous, and one cannot help feeling that it is of a higher type. All three women have an exceptional title to our respect. Each has her own peculiar strength. All alike have the hero's characteristic—that they were completely, heartily in earnest. But if it be true that the hero "is not strong who takes convulsion fits," and that "whatsoever is truly great in him springs up from the inarticulate deeps," the rule applies to women as clearly as to men. The life of publicity is useful and brilliant, but it is not the highest which a woman can achieve. The life of less conspicuous effort is not only more serene, it is work of a finer quality, though it be not done in the market-places of the world.

VERY VAGUE SHEPHERDS.

THE debate on trade morality at the Church Congress cannot be said to have had much practical value. It is in dealing with such a topic that the weakness of the average pulpit—the tendency to make religious generalities do duty for sound judgment—is brought into strong relief. Nothing is easier than to preach a sermon in the style of the worthy dignitary of the Church who favoured his hearers last week with a catalogue of the evil-doers he would like to punish. There were the men who traded on other people's merits, the luxurious idlers who lived on the labour of better citizens—everybody, in short, who held some comfortable post for which he had not worked. This sort of homily can be manufactured by the yard without the smallest exercise of any practical faculty. Instead of doing good it is apt to excite irritation, and provoke awkward questions. In the list of people who ought to be brought to justice we do not find the clerical pluralist, nor the vicar who leaves his work to a curate with a miserable stipend, nor the professional ecclesiastic who, having obtained preferment

by sheer worldliness, cultivates a fine disdain for poor schismatics. It would be well for parsons who discourse about commercial ethics not to lay themselves open to the retort that the Church is a business, that younger sons still enter it as they would any other profession, with about as much spiritual fitness as they might display in cotton, and that there is no vice in trade which, at its very worst, is so poisonous to the soul as the cant of a man who wears the uniform of a sacred calling without a spark of its genuine spirit. Clergymen should remember that the organisation to which they belong is not entirely free from reproaches of this kind, before they pass sweeping strictures on the sins of the laity. Suppose a shop-keeper were to turn on the preacher and say, "Why don't you set *your* house in order? You are the servant of an Established Church which grossly underpays some of its most zealous workers, and gives large endowments to idle people; which permits the cure of souls to be bought by the highest bidder, and sold perhaps by a reprobate who inherited the patronage from his father. Don't you think you had better reform the ethics of your own commerce before you preach to us about ours?"

All this may not palliate the conduct of the grocer who puts sand into his sugar, but it is based on the sound principle that preaching loses some of its moral effect if it comes from men who are in any way responsible for a system which is disfigured by abuses. If the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge were to publish a tract on fair-dealing, this would savour of irony to all who recollect the peculiar methods of the Society, as they were exposed by Mr. Walter Besant. When Archdeacon Farrar invokes the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Commandments, representing "the law of honesty, the law of truthfulness, and the law of contentment," as the only rules which are needed in commerce, and then proceeds to put into the pillory, as violators of these maxims, "the sweating publishers who, without a blush, would toss to the author perhaps a hundredth part of what, by bargains grossly inequitable, they had obtained," it is useful to learn what the publishers have to say about their censor. From the instructive narrative in Wednesday's *Times* of the relations between Archdeacon Farrar and the publishers of his "Life of Christ," he appears to have singular ideas about "the law of contentment." It is difficult to distinguish between the Archdeacon's share of these transactions and the conduct of any unregenerate man of business, whose rule in life is to take the most excellent care of himself, and grumble perpetually that he never gets enough. We do not for a moment urge that Archdeacon Farrar is to blame, according to ordinary standards; but somehow his personal example is scarcely a shining illustration of "the law of contentment," and we fear that it will add very little weight to his homily at the Church Congress. He seems to have been animated by the very commonplace ambition to sell his goods in the best market, and even to take advantage of a competition which, when it figures in Church Congress discourses, becomes demoralising and even soul-destroying. From a business man's point of view, the Archdeacon displayed commendable shrewdness. He knew what he was about when he found two publishing firms eager for his wares. Commercial men may not be in the least disposed to censure him; but they may suggest that his practice does not entirely harmonise with his lofty rhetoric. And when they find him denouncing this "age of advertisements," it may occur to them that an archidiaconal author is not always above being advertised as widely as any poor secular scribe.

After Archdeacon Farrar's diatribe, there is a refreshing simplicity in Mr. Sydney Gedge's assertion that "self-interest is the chief motive for exertion, and God has made it so." This complacent assumption, which covers any expansion of selfishness, and leads logically to the anarchy which Mr. Gedge and his party were designed by Heaven to prevent, has at least the merit of practical sincerity. The excellent Mr. Gedge really believes that the working man has all he deserves, and ought to be quite hysterically happy in his good fortune. Any attempt to persuade him to the contrary is "agitation," and we know that the agitator is a minion from below. It was, therefore, very bold of Canon Fremantle to ask whether the capitalist is to have "all the surplus," or whether the working man is "to partake in the general welfare, and to gain an increasing share of wealth, comfort, refinement, and leisure." It was also rather audacious of Dr. Cunningham to remark that the invocation of the Commandments in such a matter was "apt to burden the consciences of some, and to make others scoff at Christianity as idle altogether." But these things are welcome signs that some of the clergy are alive to the futility of loose declamation about "the rottenness of trade," and the misuse of religious shibboleths as barriers to social reform. We hear enough nonsense about policies of plunder and predatory statesmen from political partisans whose interests are threatened by any reasonable readjustment of burdens or redistribution of power. It serves no purpose of religion for any section of the clergy to echo the cry of invaded privilege. It is as little to their advantage to utter empty lamentations over social depravity, and to declaim against evils which have only a rhetorical existence. "If trade was what it should be," asks Archdeacon Farrar, "why should we be pelted with fulsome advertisements in every railway carriage and on every blank wall?" The Archdeacon ought to understand the necessity of advertisement better than this; but it is a good deal more to the purpose to suggest that if the Establishment were what it should be, the Church Congress would not range over something very like a stubble field, while other agencies possess the granary.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN TIPPERARY.

THERE were three intelligible, if not very intelligent, reasons for the Tipperary prosecutions. The first was to prevent the appeal for funds to America; the second, to get the local leaders in Tipperary under lock and key; and the third, to impress the British public with the irresistible power of "firm and resolute government" in Ireland. It is too soon to anticipate positively whether the heroic policy of preventing Mr. Dillon and myself from reaching the United States will be successful. The ss. *Teutonic*, on which we had taken berths, has already arrived at New York. A fortnight, precious to us, has been consumed in the mere preliminaries of the Crown case. The Crown counsel have only to waste a fortnight more in order to make it impossible for us to visit America before the date of our appeal (November 5th), even if the power of appeal should not be altogether denied us by short cumulative sentences, or by shutting us up in gaol immediately, under the statute of Edward the Third. While I write, it is still uncertain whether Mr. Balfour's brilliant stratagem for putting an end to our trip to America will be crowned with the success it merits. What is quite

certain is that the enthusiasm roused throughout Ireland and the United States by the events in Tipperary has already accomplished more for the Irish cause than our uninterrupted mission could have done. Mr. Balfour has the comfort of reflecting that, whereas if he had allowed us to proceed peacefully by the *Teutonic* he would only have had to count with the speeches of two men who have had to dose the public largely with their speeches, his cunning strategy has been the means of summoning the united Irish Party into action, of starting a great National Fund in Ireland itself, which we had not at all contemplated starting this winter, of rousing Irish-American enthusiasm to fever-pitch, and of making it a point of honour with every Irish Nationalist on the face of the globe to pour in supplies to the evicted tenantry whom that Christian statesman had arranged to reduce by starvation, having failed to reduce them by Coercion. So far as his main object is concerned, therefore—that of bankrupting the tenants' exchequer—Mr. Balfour's Tipperary tactics will have simply added tens of thousands of pounds to the proceeds of our appeal, and created a wholly new and unexpected fund in Ireland, which will be a sort of Irish National testimonial to his own stupendous ignorance of Irish feeling.

Has he been more successful in his second project, that of striking a brain-blow at the tenants' combination in Tipperary? One fact may be left to supply the answer. In the street where the trial is going on, and where every day companies of soldiers and armed policemen are drawn up on the roadway, the most obstinate of the boycotted shopkeepers who supplied Mr. Smith-Barry's garrison with provisions, had his shop open when the trial commenced. While the resistless power of the law was being thus imposingly vindicated by the tribunal in the adjoining court-house, and by the redcoats and the glancing bayonets outside his door, this man one morning closed his shop, suspended his business for six days as an act of public penance, and transferred himself and his trade from Mr. Smith-Barry's Tipperary to New Tipperary. On the very day when Mr. T. W. Russell was visiting the town to distribute bribes to Mr. Smith-Barry's boycotted allies, the repentant shopkeeper was actually being received back into popular favour at an enthusiastic public meeting of the "suppressed" branch of the League which Mr. Balfour, eight months ago, ruled out of existence. The action of the Tipperary boycottee is worth the speeches of a Treasury Bench-full of statesmen as to the effect of Mr. Balfour's *coup d'état* on the average shrewd Tipperary mind. The League is not only not suppressed, but, in the very street where the trial is proceeding, inspires more confidence than Colonel Caddell's infantry battalions or Mr. Russell's Fund. The arrests were brilliantly timed to give the finishing-touch to the effect of Father Cantwell's altar-discourse; Mr. Balfour's sinister assistance has simply overwhelmed unfortunate Father Cantwell with remorse, which will cling to him all his life. So overpowering is the mass of public opinion which Mr. Balfour has rallied to the side of the tenants' combination, that the representatives of the majesty of the law cannot find a bed nor get a meal of victuals in the town; but resident magistrates, Crown counsel, and divisional commissioners are obliged to drive on police-cars morning and evening to the Limerick Junction for accommodation, although every licensed trader in the town was threatened with the cancelling of his licence for refusing to house and feed them. Such is the ignominious flight of the Panjandruns of Coercion after their twelve months' wrestle with

public opinion in Tipperary; and all this, be it remembered, in a town where—it cannot be too often repeated—no policeman, emergency-man, or officer of the law has suffered in life or limb at the hands of the people throughout the struggle—in a town, moreover, where Colonel Caddell has an armed policeman or soldier at his back for every adult male in the population. So much for the awe-inspiring spell these terrible prosecutions have thrown over the wild spirit of Tipperary.

Has the British mind been more edified? How many Tory electioneering agents are there who do not curse the name of Tipperary over their whisky-and-water in the smoking-room of the St. Stephen's Club? How many plain British citizens really feel comfortable to think that John Dillon's judge is a policeman who was in violent personal altercation with him on the principal occasion which is the subject of inquiry, and who acted as Mr. T. W. Russell's Sancho Panza in his recent calumnious raid on Tipperary? Above all, how many Tories can avoid gnashing their teeth on the ill chance that drove Mr. Morley to Tipperary, or the still worse luck that prompted Colonel Caddell to give him the lie in face of a British public who know something of the impertinent Removable, and know a great deal of the famous British statesman? The most amusing tribute to the effect of Mr. Morley's experience of the Irish Constabulary-man's bâton-charge and the Irish Removable's "official report," is the piteous complaint which some of the Tory newspapers make that Mr. Morley should have been wicked enough to betray the constables into misbehaving themselves in presence of an ex-Cabinet Minister, and Colonel Caddell into affording the British public a damning proof of the value of the official denials which form Mr. Balfour's Irish Bible. The affair would have passed off like hundreds of other Tipperary rows, without notice in the British newspapers, but for the presence of Mr. Morley.

But that is just the pinch of the thing. At least scores of scenes of police brutality worse than that which Mr. Morley characterises as "murderous" have taken place in the course of the struggle in Tipperary, and have either attracted no notice at all in the British newspapers, or have been dismissed with a wave of the hand by Mr. Balfour on the faith of a cypher telegram from Colonel Caddell. How many British newspaper readers, for example, fully realise that, by the finding of a coroner's jury, a boy of seventeen was shot down in the open street by a company of Colonel Caddell's police, the police being thirty-seven men armed with rifles, and the crowd fired upon being estimated by the police themselves at sixty, four out of the five persons shot being under eighteen years of age, and not a single policeman having a wound to show for himself? That is only an aggravated instance of the unmitigated blackguardism to which the people of Tipperary have been incessantly subjected at the hands of Colonel Caddell's braves, and which, until Mr. Morley's visit, made the very school-children afraid to raise a cheer at a street-corner under the eye of a policeman. The importance of Mr. Morley's experience was not that the armed constabulary behaved a whit worse than usual, but that they were indiscreet enough to do in his presence what they would have done, and done safely, in his absence, and that Colonel Caddell was so bereft of reason as to oppose to a statesman who is the impersonation of British truthfulness, the same brutal imputation of mendacity which has so often been accepted as final against the testimony of Irish members. What is now being tried is not whether Mr. Smith-Barry's deserted Tipperary, or New Tipperary, is to triumph. That issue is

already settled by the spectacle of the High Commissioners of Dublin Castle driving about the country in search of a bed, and shadowing a special train with another special train in the extremity of their wild helplessness, while the National League is festively killing the fatted calf for its returned prodigals. All interest has gone out of the proceedings of the two policeman-judges who have been for the past two weeks reducing themselves and the judgment-seat to contempt and aversion. The venue is changed to a higher tribunal. It is the British public who are now empanelled to try whether Mr. John Morley's character as a man of honour and truth, giving testimony on the evidence of his own eyes and ears, is to disappear at the whiff of Colonel Caddell's impotent letter in the *Times*; or whether, if Mr. Morley's evidence is to be believed, any language can be found stern enough for the brutality of Irish constables, or for the baseness of official stratagems to screen it. Pending a true deliverance on the great issue, New Tipperary will live and thrive under the healthy impetus given by Mr. Balfour's stroke of genius, and the Irish envoys will calmly proceed to take charge of the tens of thousands of pounds which Mr. Balfour has so chivalrously ensured for them.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XI.—DEAN CHURCH.

LIKE all influences which profoundly affect the spirit and life of a time, the Anglo-Catholic Revival of 1830 to 1850 had its literary side, and among the prose writers of "the Movement"—as those who bore a part in it fondly called it—there was a certain community of tone which is not the least of their attractions for us who look at them as already passing away. Community of tone in an eminent group is attractive, because in each it suggests the others; because it gives a sort of weight and volume to the utterance of every individual. There was in most of the men who formed this group a grave and brooding seriousness, which seemed the offspring of solemn thoughts. There was a love of learning—not, indeed, always the substance of learning, because some of the writers of the school were neither profound nor critical, but yet a respect for learning, and a sense of the duty which all owed to it. There was a fineness of perception and delicacy in expression which seemed to issue, and in the greater minds did issue, from a subtlety of thought trained by meditation upon abstruse subjects. And there was a certain suppressed intensity, as of men with a message and a mission—men feeling themselves to be the deliverers of great truths to a generation whose attention they had a right to command. The most striking example of these qualities, as well as the most brilliant figure in the whole group, was the great and splendid writer we have so lately lost, John Henry Newman, who superadded to its general characteristics a skill in dialectical fence and a gift of humour, now playful, now scorching, which might alone have made him famous. But next to him we know of no one in whom the literary tendencies and merits of the school are so fully revealed as in one whose connection with the Movement has been that, not of participation in the conflicts of ecclesiastical politics—for he has been ever a man of modest reserve and a lover of peace—but only of intellectual and moral sympathy, R. W. Church, in the days of the Movement a Junior Fellow of Oriel, afterwards for many years rector of a quiet country parish, now in his old age Dean of St. Paul's. The quantity of his literary works, even including his sermons, is not large—it fills only seven thin volumes—but it is all choice, all penetrated by the delicate perfume of a pure and elevated spirit.

It is not easy to characterise Dean Church's literary manner, just because it is so chastened, so exempt from rhetorical arts or devices, so superior to all striving after bold effects. His literary criticism is equal, in all the essential merits of criticism, to Matthew Arnold's. But the absence of those mannerisms which fixed attention on Matthew Arnold, seems to have given the hasty reader—and most readers are now hasty—less to catch hold of and fix upon in Dean Church's writings than the needed. So, too, Dean Church's judgments are more exact, and sound, and firm, his insight far deeper, than those of—to take an obvious example—Mr. J. A. Symonds. But the effusive sentimentalism and rhetorical exuberance of Mr. Symonds carry by storm, so to speak, many a reader who fails to be attracted by the lofty and dignified seriousness of Dean Church, in whom it is rather the thought than the words that are eloquent, who seems to be himself too much absorbed and impressed by his theme to condescend to put forth that skill of phrase, and that ready-gush of superficial emotion, by which more popular artists win applause. The only fault to be found with his style is that it is almost too faultless. In the earliest of his reprinted essays, an account of Brittany, written as far back as 1846, one may note traces of the influence of Carlyle, then in the zenith of his power. But this influence is not to be discovered in any of the later essays, nor does any other influence make itself felt in the work of later years. His style, as we have it in the admirable essay on Dante of 1850, is already all his own. It is, like Cardinal Newman's, one of the few prose styles of our time in which there is nothing to recall Macaulay, neither the short sentences, nor the multiplication of illustrations, nor the tendency to antithesis, nor the working up to a commonplace paradox. The sentences are long, but their structure is usually so simple that we are not fatigued in following them. The colour is never glaring, and seldom rich, but it is so clear and pure as to be effective; its sobriety does not pass into grey monotony. As there is no effort after recondite rhythmical effects, so neither is there any elaborate art in the choice of rich or uncommon words or metaphors: but gravity and dignity are there, with simplicity and sweetness, a sweetness which makes itself felt, not while one is reading, but in the impression left on the mind after one has closed the book. These are the features of a style which might be commended as a model, yet is the hardest to imitate.

If one lingers longer than is right over Dean Church's style, it is because the style, in its self-restraint and calm, grave flow, seems so perfect an index and mirror of the productive mind. His mind is, first and above all things, a reflective and interpretative mind. In Cardinal Newman's writings one usually feels the writer's strong impulse to persuasion—persuasion whether by means of dialectic or of rhetoric. With Dean Church, even in his sermons and lectures on theological subjects—the wish to persuade and move is subordinate to the inquiring and expository spirit of the scholar and historian. To discover the truth of things, to explain the forces that underlay historical events, and the forms those forces took in the thoughts of theologians or philosophers like Anselm or Bacon, in the imagination of poets like Dante or Spenser: this is the central purpose of the author, and the earnestness with which he pursues it, stimulates and edifies us no less than his penetration and his grace delight us. The study of history seems in him to have had her perfect work. It has made him quick to see the broader and deeper characteristics of an age or a nation, and to judge them not only with the dramatic sympathy which realises the surrounding conditions of the moment, but with a full comprehension of that whereout they emerged, and that into which they were destined to pass. Where the object of study is one of those sovereign minds who sum up in their single

being the qualities and tendencies of an age, this historical method finds an application which tests the perfection it has reached. Such an object is Dante; and Dr. Church's treatment of him remains now what it was when published in the *Christian Remembrancer* forty years ago—the most profoundly instructive and sympathetic that English literature possesses. Less full and less historical, but not less just and penetrating in its poetical appreciation and grasp of the character and attributes of another lofty, if less wide and passionate, genius, is the essay on Wordsworth, written in 1880. Though Dr. Church has never produced any professedly historical book—for the biographies of Anselm and Bacon are biographical studies, perfect in their way, but too brief to cover much historical ground—history is palpably the favourite field to which he returns, and in which his powers find their fullest scope. No better specimen of his power can be named than the three lectures "On the Influence of Christianity on National Character," in which he brings out with a strong, soft insistence some of the most striking characteristics of the ancient world and its people, contrasting them with those of salient types among the modern nations. There is more sound philosophy, as well as more of the refined essence of historic truth, in these few pages than in many ambitious volumes.

We have spoken of Dean Church as a literary representative (perhaps the best representative) of the Oxford Movement—the Tractarian or Puseyite Movement, as our fathers called it. Let it not be supposed from this that there is in his writings anything of the dogmatic teaching, or even of the ecclesiastical tendencies, of that Movement. One might read his essays and lectures from end to end without learning more of the opinions of the writer than that his is a profoundly religious and intensely reverent spirit. There is not in them a word of controversy, not a dogmatic deliverance, not even the assumption that a particular Church is in special possession of religious truth or ecclesiastical authority. The writer seems to be moving in a higher sphere. He is bent neither on constructing nor on destroying, but on comprehending and interpreting. His mood is always quiet and meditative, with no more haste or eagerness in his mind than there is in his style; pensive indeed, with a touch of the melancholy that comes from musing on solemn themes, yet not depressed or unhopeful. In a time when people read a little in order to write much, it is refreshing to listen to one who seems to have read and thought because he has sought to know the truth and beauty of things, and to have written at last only because the matter was ready to his hand, and others asked it from him.

We may wish that so full and gifted a mind, so delicate and refined a taste, had given us more out of what we feel to be his abundance. Yet a little, all of which is choice, is in a time of over-production better than much that might need sifting. One thing, however, there is which many have wished the Dean would give them, and which we still hope for from him—some recollections of the remarkable group of men who were the guides or companions of his own early manhood and the leading spirits of that "Oxford Movement" whereof we have spoken. This is a work for which no survivor from that time is so well fitted by knowledge, by sympathy, by a subtle appreciation of what is finest in individual character, as well as richest in permanent intellectual significance. Like Dean Stanley, Dean Church is one of those few who are able to look at the men and events among which they are cast with the historian's eye; and the strength of his own conviction would not dispose him either to deal harshly with opponents, or to over-value the efforts and extenuate the faults of his friends. To write contemporary history, or all but contemporary biography, is the severest test to which the historical spirit in a writer can be put. But it is a test which no one need fear to see applied to Dean Church.

THE COCKNEY TONGUE.

THE author of "Voces Populi" is in the position of Goldsmith's painter; his work, good as it is, would have been better if he had taken more pains. He has given us in some of his sketches the talk of the Cockney crowd, but rather with a view to their manner of mind than to their manner of speech. The last, however, is still the point. The Cockney tongue is surely the most debased of the dialects of mankind. It is, indeed, not so much a dialect as a mere fatty degeneration of language. Broad Yorkshire is music to it. So even is Suffolk talk, or Somerset, or the English of Cork. It is essentially demoralising: no one can talk as they talk in Drury Lane without a weakening of his hold on the Commandments. It is a breach of all law: in every vowel and syllable and completed word the product of a dead indifference to all purity of intonation. If the mission people could only realise how evil is the way of talking in the slums, as distinct from the thing talked, they would open elocution classes at once. They would first have to attend them on their own account, but it might be enough if they were one lesson ahead of their pupils. What can be a fellow-creature's outlook on life and duty when he has learned to sound his long "a" like "i"? The Cockney never says "take" and "bake," but "tike" and "bike," and this habit, multiplied into the thousands of such sounds in our tongue, produces a mass of confusion which is quite nauseating to the sense. The greasy mud on the pavement in Clare Market seems to be only half orange-peel and cabbage-stalks—the rest is vowels. Poor long "o" is always "ou"; and "mahnd yer touze," being interpreted, is a warning to look out for your feet. No writer enters nicely into these niceties. Mr. Anstey has listened with only half an ear. He has noticed only the common objects of the slum-side: "Gimme work," "Wake up, ole chap," "Ope I'm not takin' a lib-baty," and so on. And as for the "takin'," that, notoriously, is half an elegance. It is the union of classes and masses so often desired: Mayfair and St. Giles's recognise each other as brothers in the dropping of their final "g." The only difference is that Mayfair does it as a trick, and St. Giles's by unconscious cerebration. Mr. Anstey has observed justly in his Cockney dialect; but he has not taken the trouble to observe closely. He evidently has no liking for the office, and he prefers the sweeter and more cleanly eccentricities of the higher walks of life. He has no notion, perhaps, of the extent of the service to be rendered to this race—and, especially, to this city—by a writer who would do justice to its corruptions of speech. We do not want a dictionary of slang. The masses do not talk slang; that is the diversion of their idler betters; they talk hopelessly corrupt English, that is all. We have never yet had their talk rendered in fiction. Dickens is purely superficial: the verbal corruptions of "Pickwick" and of its successors are, for the most part, composed by the author. The dropping of the "h," or its compensatory use in the wrong place, is but the beginning of the evil. It does not serve to characterise a positive decay of speech which seems to extend to every detail of articulation. Dickens, of course, preferred to invent, for he wanted humour of effect rather than truth. There is nothing funny in the real Cockney dialect; there is, on the contrary, something infinitely depressing. It has the effect of dirty windows or of shabby clothes. It is not merely a coat in holes, it is a coat with grease-stains. It is the squalor of the slums in its appeal to the most exquisitely sensitive of all the senses. No wonder that people with this in their ear and on their tongue grow dull to all the proprieties, and constitute one of the most degraded populations on the face of the earth.

The remedy lies with the School Board. A few

years of systematic effort would redeem London of its worst reproach. The children should be made to read for accent and for intonation. Ten minutes a day on the vowels and aspirates would counteract some of the worst tendencies of home teaching. At present, it is clear, they have no idea that the letter "h" has any special function in the language. If there cannot be a reading lesson, there might at least be a list of typical words with a plentiful supply of long "i's" and long "o's" in the number. These the young people might be made to repeat every day in their exact sounds, until they had learned them by heart. In many instances, no doubt, the talk of the fireside would undo the lessons of the schoolroom; but in a few the schoolroom would prevail. In all, there would be a knowledge of the right forms which might be expected to bear its fruit in favourable moments throughout life. The infant half-timer, become either a sandwich-man or a millionaire, would turn back to his earliest impressions of the right treatment of his vowels, as, in moments of moral crisis, he might remember his lessons at his mother's knee. On solemn occasions, at least, he would get his "h's" right, though he might neglect them in hot weather, or during the press of business. The School Board system that gave him this abiding recollection would render him the truest service. It is comparatively easy to flourish without a knowledge of the use of the globes; and even a few disjointed facts of history are not indispensable to a mental equipment. But a knowledge of one's own tongue is a matter of daily requirement, and a knowledge that is limited to its debasements is a stream that is poisoned at its source. No other people is in quite the same piteous plight. The poorest Frenchman is made to learn that there is such a thing as a French language, and that it has a high standard of purity to which it is best for him to try to conform. He usually sins, therefore, in very good French. The poorest American gets the same notion in regard to English, though the "school marm" from whom he obtains it has a standard which, thank goodness, is not our own. Still, a standard it is, and it is better to be consistently wrong than to wallow in a trackless slough of error where never a man has tried to look for light.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXII.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

IT is a bright afternoon; if you stand against Morley's Hotel and look up towards the column, your eyes will be dazzled. From many roads the traffic is streaming into the square; from West Kensington and Wormwood Scrubs, from Camden Town, and Whitechapel, and Westminster comes a long succession of omnibuses. Young, unseasoned 'bus-horses stand wearily with their heads down; others have learned somewhat from experience, and do not find the work too much for them. That old black horse, driven on the curb, goes from Putney to Liverpool Street and back without the least trouble; his age is fabulous, but he is still a willing worker, "Got a bit o' blood in 'im," says his driver, explanatorily. Here from all parts of London come all sorts and conditions of men. The aged politician finds himself face to face with gay youth, fresh from a study of the fish-tanks or fairies of Westminster. Quite a respectable clerk looks severely down from the top of his omnibus on the young untidy female sleeping on one of the seats a dishevelled and, possibly, drunken sleep. The bishop almost rubs shoulders with the policeman, and the little child gazes unawed at the meeting of spiritual and temporal authority, but puzzled a little at some slight deviations from the usual markings of the clergy species. A person of culture comes down

the steps of the National Gallery, fresh from an hour with a few pictures which especially appeal to him; and up the steps trips a country cousin, a little proud of having found her way from Charing Cross Station without making any inquiries, and intent upon spending half the time in less discriminating admiration. All these people are very unlike one another, and yet they all have to eat, and drink, and get their hair cut occasionally; they are all human, and consequently wish to live, and not look worse than they can help. In a few years' time another crowd will be here, and the people who throng Trafalgar Square this afternoon will be dead and mostly forgotten. The bishop and politician will have their obituary notice in the *Times*; the death of the man of culture may, perhaps, call attention to the little volume of appreciative essays which he once wrote, and may even help to sell another edition; but the policeman, the clerk, or the street urchin will disappear without causing any discussion outside their family circles. Is there anyone here to-day who is destined to stand here in effigy, after death, with Nelson, and Havelock, and Napier?

"Soldiers, your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country." So run the words of Havelock, inscribed below his statue. Perhaps we have no cause to be grateful for the privations and sufferings of those wretched outcasts asleep on the benches in the square. There are some of them always here. Gratitude is a commercial virtue; it will give a statue for value received. It is possible that every wretched and half-starved person here thoroughly deserves his, or her, fate. They may all be loafers, and drunkards, and thieves. But the reality calls away one's attention from the possibility; the wretchedness is real enough. One cannot see it without contrasting with it the luxury of the clubs in the vicinity. One cannot help comparing the purposeless idleness with the remunerative activity all round. It is the old problem of great poverty in the midst of great wealth. The reference to it in a mere essay is trite and stale enough, but it is still painfully impressive to note the living examples of the problem, and its discussion goes on fiercely and eagerly enough in Hyde Park every Sunday. Trafalgar Square did succeed in calling the attention of the nation to it once.

Trafalgar Square is not only a bedroom; on fine days it is a reading-room, and the readers probably find it easy enough to get a newspaper in the Strand from some purchaser who has done with it. A friend of mine once bought a newspaper from a boy, simply to glance at some election intelligence, and when he had seen it he gave the paper back to the boy again; he took one step away, and then turned round again—the figures had slipped his memory—saying, "Let me have that paper again for a second." "Cawn't do that," said the boy, "but I'll be very 'appy to sell yer another," which he did. That boy will probably succeed in life. The lions at the base of the column serve as a cloak-room for the policemen. The articles deposited there are placed just where the animal's tail crosses the hind-paw. The statues of Havelock, Napier, and Gordon are, it is to be feared, comparatively useless. When we erect a statue to another national hero we shall probably apply the principle of the automatic machine to it, and make it earn money for a hospital. Trafalgar Square is also at certain hours of the day a nursery; children always like looking at water, and nursemaids always like sitting down. At St. Martin's Church, too, or the National Gallery, the children can walk up steps and then walk down again. One can understand their fondness for this practice, because to the very young mind it may seem to have something of the air of an adventure about it. I think that the pleasure they get out of looking into the grimy pools of the fountains is chiefly imaginative. All children have splendid imaginations, but, as a rule,

they use them solely for their own amusements. A child will tell you his opinions, but not his day-dreams.

A WORKING MAN IN HOSPITAL.

"IN an artisan neighbourhood like this the science of medicine becomes degraded into mere physicking. It is cheaper to pay a physician a guinea, and get a prescription made up. To escape the over-worked local doctors you must go into a hospital. If I can get you a bed in one, under Dr. S., will you go in?" So spake a friend.

At the hospital I was placed in a wheeled chair, taken up in a lift, and wheeled through two straight lines of beds, which seemed to me like several whirling Dantean circles. In Magdala Ward, at Bed 94, I was handed over like a bale of damaged goods to the care of a chief nurse, who sent a convalescent man to undress me and put me to bed. The screen which had hidden these operations was then withdrawn.

"Number 94, will your friends, or shall we, take care of your clothes?"

I was shown a printed list of masculine garments, with such as I possessed ticked off. The question was put by the nurse in a firm, clear, educated voice which surprised me, who knew only the hospital Sairey Gamp of five-and-twenty years ago.

"Something new in nurses," I thought, as I fell off into delirious sleep.

Every patient is seen at least twice in twenty-four hours by the house physician, and twice a week by the visiting physician. It was "doctor's day." I was awakened for diagnosis and prescription. I found myself confronting a gentleman of most benignant aspect, and an audience of students who listened to the "clinical" he delivered on my case. The students seemed to be a happy lot of young gentlemen, much addicted to pinching one another secretly.

A little procession was formed to the next bed. The doctor led, followed by the students. The rear was brought up by a Sister carrying a towel, pens and ink, and attended by a nurse. The Sister is a most important functionary. In our case she is economist for four wards, and knows much more about us than anyone. She is the patient's friend, and a court of appeal for all. She knows every patient's case, diet and medicine, and provides everything. She has a quick eye for dirt and untidiness of all kinds. A Sister's dress is peculiar, something between that of a French *bonne* and Mr. Barnum's notion of a Roman matron in the days of Nero.

I daresay I am mixing later experiences with those of the first day, but as the procession formed I dozed off, and was only awakened by voices at the foot of my bed.

It was night. A handsome head was bent over a paper affixed to a board; and on this a hand was writing "treatment" for me. A strong light was thrown on the paper from a lamp, held by a golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who listened to the running commentary the doctor made on his instructions as he wrote them down. The doctor suspended the board to the curtain rail of my bed, and, followed by the lamp-bearing maiden, went to the next case. On reaching the end of the ward, one of the many nurses flitting about lighted him through the next. So he disappeared.

I began the search for the *motif* of a nurse's coiffure. Her hair seems to be got rid of in a coquettish, spotless, ribbonless cap, which gives her the air of surprised sanctification.

A bright May morning followed, and we were awakened to the duties of the day by snatches of "ballad and barcarolle," our night nurse's musical way of calling us. Curtains were pulled back; heads were put forth from some of the fifteen beds in the ward. Those patients who could not get up had

basins of water put before them; those who could, washed themselves in a bath-room, beat up eggs, and made the six-o'clock breakfast for all. The helpless, of whom I was one, were washed by the nurse. I soon learned to look to this visit as the happiest five minutes in the day. The nurse supplied instructive, sometimes brilliant, talk, and saw that I had my share of breakfast. When I grew a little strong she left me to "fend" for myself, but as I could not get up I continued to receive the attentions of a lady, who dipped a small-tooth comb in carbolic acid before applying it to my hair. Our finger- and toe-nails were cut for us, and we were bathed once a week.

The day nurses come on duty at seven o'clock, and for the next two hours they, with their sisters of the night, work hard at the preparation of the patients for inspection, the cleaning of the wards, and the arrangement of the flowers sent up from the country. It seldom happens that any task remains undone when the Sister comes in to read prayers at a table covered with these flowers. To a poetical mind this is the high hour of the hospital day. The nurses make the responses kneeling and standing. If loveliness, like cleanliness, be a virtue, it was often supplied by them.

The patients were rather a job lot and a disappointment to me. I had been used to the British workman sicklied o'er with the problems of political economy, men who mistook the beginning of their political education for the end. I was glad to meet men who after recent agitations still retained some of the simplicity of Quince and Snout of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but I soon wished for the mistaken earnestness of my former friends. The simplicity I met was the simplicity of sheer ignorance, and was not incompatible with high-class hospital loafing. No doubt men of intellect and education sometimes drift into hospitals, and all patients look more intelligent in bed. A theatrical manager wishing to cast *Julius Caesar* going by heads could have found a company in our ward. But let the men rise, dress, and speak, Brutus becomes a "chucker out" and Cassius a billiard marker.

Unless we are marked "dangerous" in the hospital sick-list we are only allowed to see visitors three times a week. In our ward these visitors ranged from the small tradesman and the high-class artisan to the poorly paid labourer and gutter salesman. The most distressing sight was the gradual impoverishment of the wives and children where no club provision had been made and the bread-winner's illness was long continued. Their sufferings could be read in their wan and hollow cheeks, in the increasing shabbiness of their clothes. A Samaritan Society in connection with the hospital, besides finding convalescent homes, does its best with such cases, and the parish is sometimes appealed to.

When a sick man is brought from the streets and receives excellent medical advice, medicine, food, and shelter and nursing for nothing, he should be slow to find fault. The food supplied by the hospital was plentiful and good, but it was often badly cooked and always badly served. We could not always say what we were eating: but a dab of mustard on the plate sometimes helped our imaginations.

The hospital garden, though nearly as large, is not so cheerful as that of the Temple; in the wide-pathed shrubbery invalid chairs abound, and the talk of the occupants is of going out into the wide world again. The lawn is appropriated by the Sisters, nurses, and doctors. It is not large enough for cricket, but the doctors have marked out a tennis court. The patients cluster at the dividing rail, each ward anxious that its doctor shall win. Nor are we inattentive when our Sisters and nurses play tennis gracefully. But perhaps our sympathies are most with the probationers, young nurses who are reading hard for certificates beneath the trees yonder—reading for our benefit Lückes' "Lectures on Nursing."

J. W. O.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT'S MANUAL.

II.—MY BANK ACCOUNT.

I NOW proceed to tell how a literary hand opens a bank account. The requisites are recklessness tempered with slyness, a devoted friend, time to work out your plot step by step, an ingratiating manner, and cheques. If convenient, you should also be born, not made. I propose to show you how the scheme can be brought to a successful issue by describing my own adventures, partly because this seems the best way, but chiefly because I have a passion for writing about myself. I may add that my cheque-book is not lying before me as I write. If it were, I would not be writing but chuckling.

From the time my cheque-book was in the egg until it was hatched would be about three months and two weeks. For long before this my devoted friend and I had been closeted occasionally on the subject, but without deciding on any line of action beyond the old one, namely, that I should continue giving him crossed cheques, for which he should hand to me as much cash as he could get. It was, if I remember right, a hole in my waistcoat pocket that finally decided me to begin proceedings. My devoted friend had got me fifty sovereigns in exchange for some cheques, and they had gnawed a hole into my waistcoat pocket, through which they forced a way into the lining and ran round about me like mice in a wall. To get at them, I had to tilt myself to this side and that, much as we used to play the game of pigs in clover, and often (especially in public places) with the same result. Instead of paying my debts, I had to ask my creditors to listen while I gave myself a jerk. In this dilemma I conceived the plan of selling more cheques to my devoted friend, and keeping the proceeds (if any) in another pocket, but though I had worked him successfully for five years by appeals to his finer feelings, he now rebelled, and said that as far as he was concerned I must open negotiations with a bank or starve. Of course he had me in his power, and I yielded, though with misgivings. We sat far on into the night discussing which bank would be most easily got round, and other details. We finally decided to make our first attempt on a bank, several of the directors of which were known by him not to be hard men. He also consented to continue getting as much as he could for my cheques until we had outwitted a banker. The scene of our plot was a house in Old Cavendish Street—the room with the two windows.

For three weeks I did not see my friend, and I began to hope that my monetary affairs were to go on as usual. I also found a way into my waistcoat, and, as a result, asked everyone I knew, except my devoted friend (whom I now hated), to dinner. Too soon I found myself impecunious, and had to write a begging letter to him, offering some cheques at half-price (for ready money). He dealt with me, but announced at the same time that the bank (it was not his bank—he is a shrewd fellow) had agreed to let me open an account. This was the first step. How he managed it I do not know; but during these three weeks he must have been working hard for me. He is well acquainted with bankers, their ways, their vulnerable points, where to catch them, how to play upon them, and when to strike. But though he seems to have shown in this matter a knowledge of men (or rather of bankers) that is almost gruesome, he has his weak points himself, and by praising his acumen I succeeded in wheedling him out of fourteen sovereigns in exchange for a twenty-pound cheque. I then ordered him to cease talking about bank accounts, or to leave the house.

He bided his time, however, and in another three weeks I was in a condition to listen to what he (with money in his pocket) called reason. We now approach step two towards opening a bank account. I feared step two would mean a great deal of trouble to me, such as going to houses where I could

meet the directors, and be scrutinised by them. This made me anxious, for I take banks to be like clubs, where the committees blackball all candidates except those who are unknown to them. (I am safe to be elected to the Athenæum.) I pointed this out to my devoted friend, but he replied that he had more sense than to let the directors meet me before they were too compromised to be able to draw back. Step Two, he said, was quite simple. It consisted in paying your entrance-fee. "How much?" I asked. He totted it up in his mind, and said that seven pounds ten would cover all preliminary expenses. I had, however, only twelve sovereigns in my possession (which he had just sold me), and I declined to be left with four pounds ten. Another quarrel threatened between us; but he thought a little, and then said that he might prevail on the bank to take a cheque for, say, ten pounds. I had no ten-pound cheques lying about, but I found an eleven-pound-four, and he got them to take it, as he afterwards told me, instead.

Step Three (a very troublesome step this) was the arrangement of all my cheques on the top of each other. I put off taking this step as long as possible, and then I made two steps of it. A consisted in searching all my envelopes for cheques, making a heap of my cheques on the table, and then stuffing them into my various pockets, with pipes, vesta-boxes, and the like, on top of them to weigh them down (for one must be careful with cheques). I then sallied forth to the Café Monico, where I had arranged to meet my devoted friend, and thence proceed (in a silk hat) to my bank. My devoted friend, finding that I had only got as far as A (a trick of mine to put off the visit to the bank), insisted on our completing B in the Monico. We therefore had our table cleared, and proceeded to the orderly arrangement of the cheques amid breathless silence, the people at the other tables laying down their knives and forks, and the waiters gathering round us open-mouthed. I wrote my name on the back of each of my cheques, and then passed on the cheque to my friend, who cried out the amount, as if we were playing some solemn game. When all was over, he said there were fifty-two cheques. As I had counted fifty-seven on my table at home, we counted again, and this time we both found there were fifty-two. We then left the Monico, the waiters looking at us strangely, but especially at my devoted friend, who was so much annoyed that he has never gone back.

It was a fine, balmy afternoon when we set off for the bank—walking, in order to gain time. Piccadilly Circus was full of wayfarers, passing this way and that. Around us was the roar of traffic, above us the blue heavens, streaked here and there with fleecy clouds. Strange to say, I advanced upon Step Four with elastic tread, while my friend was heavy and despondent. Perhaps mine was a Dutch courage; but, at all events, it served. Like the dramatic critic at a first night, I felt certain at least of novelty. My friend, on the other hand, broke down, and as we neared the Bank whispered to me that if I preferred to go on in the old way, there was still time. But I kept my teeth together, and into the bank we marched.

Have you ever been in a bank? I had only time to glance furtively around me when we were shown into a small room. The door was quickly closed, and we were alone with the bankers. My first reflection was that the window could not be more than five feet from the ground. Then I saw that my friend was introducing me to two bankers. Bankers are of medium height, slightly but firmly built, and stand in an easy attitude, with nothing about them to suggest their true character save that they keep their hands in their trouser-pockets. They have pleasant voices, but you do not catch what they say, and all that is expected of you is to bow when they have completed a sentence. You also give them your cheques, and sign your name at a place

they point their finger at, and then all at once you come to yourself and realise that you have been diddled. They probably saw from my face that I was determined not to leave the room empty-handed, for they conversed with each other, and then one of them asked if I would like some money now, and if so, how much? At this I looked at my friend, and he whispered "Ten pounds." "What!" I replied, fiercely, "for fifty-two cheques? I won't take less than fifty." So I said fifty (in gold), and though I saw them wince, I got it. I then made off very smartly in a cab, dropping my friend at his bank, where he said he had five cheques to pass in.

Though you must already see that a bank account is a good thing to scheme for, I have not yet shown how useful it is. That fifty pounds is not all I got for my fifty-two cheques. When it was exhausted, I went back to the bank, taking care to go immediately after I thought the officials had lunched (that I might catch them in a kindly mood). I fixed on the youngest cashier, and, after making a few remarks to him on casual subjects, I handed him a cheque. It was an anxious moment. "Gold or notes?" he asked. "Gold," I said calmly. (Always be careful to say gold.) The next time I doubled the sum, and got it again. I never pay for anything now—I give cheques instead. This cannot last. I have no hold on the bank, and some day doubtless they will tire of me. But while it lasts I know nothing equal to a bank account. No literary hand should be without one.

BOHEMIAN HEALTH RESORTS.

II.—CARLSBAD.

BEFORE the Session ended, two Cabinet Ministers went to Carlsbad. Both had complained bitterly of obstruction, and it may have seemed fitting that they should proceed to Carlsbad without delay. The character and power of Carlsbad salts are well known, and it is not unnatural to suppose that, if they are so strong, the water from which they are extracted should be stronger still. This is an error, though a common one. Those who drink of the Carlsbad springs on the spot are not tortured as they would be if Dr. Sangrado were subjecting them to his favourite remedies.

The maladies for which a course of treatment at Carlsbad is recommended by physicians, whose knowledge is profound and whose experience is wide, are certain forms of indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, gout and rheumatism, gall-stones, affections of the liver, and diabetes. The last disease is generally regarded as incurable; yet sufferers from it may have their lives prolonged by visiting Carlsbad at intervals. At no other place will they obtain so much alleviation, or more nearly approach the happy condition of being cured.

There are sixteen springs at Carlsbad, and each resembles the other in chemical constituents, the difference being one of temperature only. The principal, and most curious, is the Sprudel, having the appearance of a miniature geyser in constant action; its temperature is 165° Fahrenheit. The coldest is about 90°; the temperature of the others ranges between these figures. It has been found that those who drink of the Sprudel, without requiring its water by way of remedy, may be rendered very ill; while others may drink of the other springs without benefit, and obtain relief or a cure by drinking the Sprudel water. Hence the importance of obtaining medical advice before indulging in water-drinking. There is no lack of physicians. The number practising at Carlsbad during the season is sixty-five. The duty of a Carlsbad physician does not cease after prescribing medicine in the form of water from a particular spring, as he is also expected to guide his patient in the matter of diet, and he is most precise in laying down rules for regaining health by eating little. Putting the

cases of diabetic patients aside, as theirs require a special dietary, and they do not form the majority of those under treatment here, the following is the usual regimen to which the multitude of patients must conform whose livers or stomachs are disordered.

They begin with mineral water and music at six o'clock in the morning. As the clock strikes six the bands at the springs begin a hymn, and they continue to play selections from operas and dance music till eight o'clock. A quarter of an hour elapses between each glass, the usual morning's dose being three glassfuls of mineral water. Exercise is to be taken between each glass, and an hour's walk after the last has been emptied and before breakfast is eaten.

Breakfast is a very simple meal which is taken by preference in the open air, and believers in the advantage of an entire change not only breakfast out of doors when at Carlsbad, but they do so when the ground is wet under foot and umbrellas have to shield them from the falling rain. It is the custom to buy bread for breakfast, and the bakers' shops are crowded with eager patients who are procuring the food which they carry to a café. A small roll or two rusks is the allotted allowance of solid food at breakfast, this being supplemented in many cases by a soft-boiled egg. Butter is forbidden, and cream must on no account be added to the cup of tea, cocoa, or coffee which is drunk. Plainly, the patient who has begun water-drinking at six, and who has walked for an hour before breakfasting, may rely upon rising from his meal without a sense of repletion.

Those who are ordered to bathe in the mineral water do so between eleven and twelve; those who merely drink it are enjoined to remain as much in the open air as possible, and to keep moving. After a frugal breakfast at eight and much walking afterwards, the patient is ready for dinner at one. It is probable that his physician has forbidden him to take soup, and, as many who visit Carlsbad have been accustomed to begin their dinner with a large plateful of thick, greasy soup, this prohibition is not surprising. The deprivation, however, is the greater because the soups in the Carlsbad restaurants are exceedingly good. Fish is not a tabooed dainty, and those who like trout may eat them. As each trout costs two shillings and upwards, the eaters of fish are in a minority. The remaining dishes of which the patient may partake are roast meat or fowl, one kind of vegetable, and a little stewed fruit. Half a pint of Austrian wine is the usual allowance, but this is commonly exceeded, as the wine is light and drinkable, and far more palatable than the stuff which in France and England bears the name of claret.

A cup of coffee may be drunk between dinner and supper, the last meal being at seven, and consisting of cold meat, a roll, and a little wine. Then the patient prepares for bed at nine, and looks forward with mingled feelings to resuming the same round the following morning. After three weeks or a month of this regimen the patient is pronounced fit to leave Carlsbad, but not fit to return home. Two-thirds only of "the cure" are over; the remaining third is the "after-cure." This "after-cure," upon which German and Austrian physicians set great store, corresponds to the change of air which all physicians are wont to recommend to their patients after they have recovered from a serious illness. It is assumed that the recovery cannot be complete unless the convalescent leaves the place where the illness was contracted and treated. A patient at Carlsbad is in the position of a convalescent when "the cure" is finished, and then the necessity for further change is supposed to occur. Elderly patients are commonly ordered to visit Gastein and bathe in the waters which are credited with rejuvenating those upon whom Time's hand lies heavy. A fortnight at Gastein, they are told, will confirm and improve all the

advantages which they have reaped from a sojourn at Carlsbad.

Many patients at Carlsbad are not decrepit or exhausted, being still in the prime of life, and suffering less from the advance of years than from straining their systems almost to breaking point. They have lived too freely and they are the victims to over-indulgence in the delights of existence. Indigestion may be the fiend which makes their days gloomy and their nights restless. For them an "after-cure" may be found at Franzensbad. The milder mineral springs of that place, if drunk for a few days, may continue in proper measure what the stronger springs of Carlsbad have begun; besides, the clearer and drier air of that place may be a wholesome tonic for their lungs after the heavier and smoke-laden air of Carlsbad. Other sufferers from indigestion may be considered proper subjects for "the grape cure," and they may be sent to Meran to occupy themselves in swallowing eight pounds of grapes in the course of the day. Grapes are pleasant fruit; but when eaten by the pound they are cloying, if, indeed, nothing worse.

The company at Carlsbad is decidedly mixed, ranging from Kings and ex-Kings, Princes, and Dukes, down to Polish Jews. A Polish Jew may be quite as worthy a man as the ex-King of Servia. Yet appearances and odours are against the Jew. It is not till seen and smelt in a body that the Polish Jews become objects of disgust. Probably the Christian peasants among whom they live, and by whom they are persecuted, do not wear cleaner linen than the Jews, if they wear linen at all, or wash themselves and their clothes at more frequent intervals. But these Jews, with their cork-screw curls and gabardines, preserve the appearance of Shylock, as well as excite much of the prejudice with which he was regarded. If they could but dress like their neighbours, they might be pardoned for not washing themselves oftener, and it is quite possible that their obstinate adherence to antiquated garments renders them conspicuous and the targets for scorn.

The amusements at Carlsbad consist of weekly balls and daily concerts. A very pretty theatre is open every night in the week during the season, and the company is excellent. Farces and comic operas constitute the stock-pieces, and one of the most popular is the *Mikado*, which is performed oftener in Austria than in England. The German version is not a faithful rendering of the English, the German being even more farcical in parts. But walking, rather than dancing or theatre-going, is the form of relaxation most in vogue here, and the walks through the woods on the mountain slopes are many and beautifully kept. On any elevated spot where a good view can be had there is a restaurant, and several patients are in the habit of taking their simple meals in one of them. Exercise and mineral water constitute "the cure" at Carlsbad. The patients are enjoined to drink the water on an empty stomach. They can observe this injunction with the greater ease as their stomachs are seldom full.

The great and increasing popularity of Carlsbad is attested by the figures in the visitors' list. This season the visitors are 2,000 in excess of the last, the total being upwards of 30,000. It is estimated that at no distant day the number may reach 100,000, and then it will be no easy matter for all who desire to drink mineral water to do so at the appointed hours in the morning. English and American visitors make still a large minority, yet the minority grows less every year. A result of this is that the hotels and lodging-houses in the part where they stay have become more expensive. Where English is spoken in a Continental city prices rise, although higher prices are not always accompanied by English comforts. Yet no one whose health is restored at Carlsbad should grudge the outlay; while the ordeal of the treatment which has been described appears a slight penalty after the desired result has been attained.

AT
intimid
essay i
hearted
the de
the utt
Trade,
never
KEGAN
the pap
ator of
of the
lately
any of
recomm
being c
of pap
view v
and b
which
of Sir

LIT
LERN
Litera
opinio
nation
states
is abs
they
of th
further
who s
apost
great
was f
of ex
shoul
labou
The
He is
of fi
poun
for t

T
Stat
ing
post
the
pros
JUD
that
Rus
hibi
Upo
jud
the
spe
has
aut
It
WA
in
bod
sion
JUL
or

ap
ST
HA
DE
vo
fig

THE WEEK.

AT a time when America is endeavouring to intimidate the commercial world by her last gigantic essay in Protection, and English newspapers, half-hearted in their creed, are hinting not obscurely at the desirability of reprisals, one is glad to welcome the utterances of those veteran champions of Free Trade, who, deaf even to electioneering cries, have never faltered in the faith of COBDEN. MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will shortly publish the papers of SIR LOUIS MALLET, who as the negotiator of more than one commercial treaty, and as one of the leading members of the Cobden Club, till lately represented, more accurately perhaps than any of his contemporaries, the ideas which COBDEN recommended to the world. The volume, which is being edited by MR. BERNARD MALLET, will consist of papers dealing from many different points of view with the policy of free trade or free exchange, and bearing on those studies in economic science which formed the chief occupation of the last years of SIR LOUIS MALLET'S life.

LITERARY men should be grateful to M. JULES LERMINA, perpetual secretary of the International Literary and Artistic Congress, for unearthing the opinions of MR. HOPKINS, of Illinois, about international copyright. To the great mind of this statesman the bare idea of property in literature is absurd and immoral. Authors create nothing; they merely circulate old ideas. No writer worthy of the name works for money. This maxim was further elaborated by another moralist from Illinois, who said that an author ought to be "a devotee, an apostle who sacrificed himself to the pleasure of the greatest number. The public owed him nothing. He was free not to write. If he did write, the delight of expounding his thoughts to millions of readers should appear to him a sufficient recompense for his labours." But why limit the self-sacrifice to authors? The Illinois public do not owe much to HOPKINS. He is surely free not to sit in Congress for a salary of five thousand dollars. Why should he not expound his priceless views of morality and literature for the proverbial reward of virtue?

THE virtuous Postmaster-General of the United States, who thinks the "Kreutzer Sonata" too shocking a work to be circulated by any self-respecting post-office, appears to have come into collision with the law. Certain street-vendors of Philadelphia were prosecuted for selling COUNT TOLSTOI'S novel, and JUDGE THAYER, who tried the case, was reminded that the CZAR had forbidden the sale of the book in Russia, and that the Postmaster-General had prohibited its transmission through the Union mails. Upon this, the judge delivered himself of this piece of judicial irony:—"Without disparaging in any degree the respect due to these high officials within their respective spheres, I can only say that neither of them has ever been recognised in this country as a binding authority on questions of either law or literature." It would be interesting to know whether MR. WANAMAKER (who, by the way, keeps a big store in Philadelphia in which he sells pirated English books) has any legal right to prevent the transmission through the post of a novel which, according to JUDGE THAYER, ought to be sold without objection or challenge.

WITH splendid and unfailing punctuality there appears this month another volume of MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S "Dictionary of National Biography." HAMPDEN and HALLAM, LADY HAMILTON and HANDEL are among the famous portraits which the new volume gives, but one of the most interesting of the figures brought before us is that of the astute,

decorous, even-minded HARLEY. Among the powerful and famous of his day, HARLEY found few to outstrip him in the race, and yet few men have been more neglected by history. Of BOLINGBROKE, his follower, colleague, rival, a host of men of letters have had their say. SIR WALTER SCOTT has assailed his philosophy, which he did not understand. MR. DISRAELI has pored over his political schemes, and MR. HARROP with masterly insight and success has analysed the brilliant failure of his life. GODOLPHIN, too, the silent man over whom posterity so long was silent, has recently found a biographer. But HARLEY, the unsurpassed tactician, who had "no inclination to any party," "no obligation to any party," "no antipathy to any party," who, though half a Radical, nearly helped to restore the Stuarts, and who, though altogether a Low Churchman, headed a Government which touched the high-water mark of High Church intolerance in England, is a statesman of whose life we know too little, and who can well afford to have his biography retold to-day.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA has written a poetic drama founded on an old Roumanian legend of an architect who built a church and immured his lady-love in the foundations. He believed that this would bring him good fortune, and as his affairs had been gloomy for some time, the lady proved her devotion to him by allowing herself to be entombed. Then he prospered, but he had ghostly visits from the dead woman after the manner of Astarte in *Manfred*.

THIS play, which is not yet finished, was read one afternoon this week by the QUEEN OF ROUMANIA to a distinguished circle of critics, including MR. IRVING and PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER. The beauty of the composition made a great impression on the audience, and the charm of the reading was enhanced by the circumstance that the Queen used a German manuscript which she translated into fluent and graceful English, rarely hesitating for a word.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, the Bright Young Man from the East, is in a fair way to become a solar myth. The latest fable comes from the *Detroit Free Press*, and runs as follows:—"MR. KIPLING arrived at Charing Cross one day with a bundle of blessings in disguise (i.e. with a copy of 'Plain Tales' in the Tauchnitz edition), and fell in with an officer of the Customs, who seized the packet, saying 'You will have to give this up.' 'Why?' asked MR. KIPLING; 'it's my own book.' 'Yes, it's your own book on the Continent, but not in England. It belongs to the author here.'" MR. KIPLING'S English publishers, who do not seem to have been considered by either person in the fable, will be glad to hear that the volume was torn up.

THE heroines of MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S classic romances save him a great deal of trouble. She-who-must-be-obeyed had merely to glance at a man, and he was promptly reduced to abject slavery. Cleopatra, of course, had the same useful habit; and in "The World's Desire," which is now running in the *New Review*, Helen of Troy has only to reveal her surpassing loveliness to paralyse an assassin, and make him stick his knife into his own breast instead of hers. But this device, though convenient, lacks freshness, and MR. ANDREW LANG might really try to prevail upon his collaborator to improve the labour-saving machinery.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has discovered that Cleopatra was a very ill-used woman. History and poetry have alike taken it for granted that she ran away from the battle of Actium, and lured the

infatuated Antony into defeat and disgrace. "Nothing of the kind," says MADAME BERNHARDT. "Cleopatra was engaged in a complicated naval manœuvre which unluckily was mistaken by everybody else for ignominious flight." The authority for this theory is a French admiral, who certainly proves that the magic of Cleopatra is not yet extinct. Will M. SARDOU introduce the naval manœuvre into his play in order to redeem the Egyptian queen's character for nautical strategy?

ACCORDING to MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS, the judgment of a dramatic critic ought to be influenced by the reflection that, although a play may have nothing fresh for him, the majority of the audience are occasional playgoers who "attend a theatre prepared to enjoy thoroughly what they see there." This certainly relieves the critic from a load of responsibility. Why should he point out that the motive of a play is hackneyed, and that all the devices of the dramatist have done duty a thousand times? They are quite new to many who go away from the theatre delighted with the freshness of the author's humour, and deeply impressed by his views of life. Nay, the very familiarity of some stage expedients is their chief recommendation. So in future let the critic write: "This piece bears the closest family likeness to its predecessors. It is precious to us for the sake of its kindred who have gone before, and we love it for its very faults, because they recall the dear departed."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's picture of Russian manners in his new play, *The Sixth Commandment*—produced on Wednesday evening last at the Shaftesbury Theatre—is worthy of being classed with MR. LANIN's picture of Russian morals in the *Fortnightly Review*. Even the bitterest enemies of Russia are ready to admit that Russians of the best society have the grace to demean themselves well externally, and therefore without the grotesque politeness and the gushing demonstrativeness of the Russian aristocrats presented to us by MR. BUCHANAN. This author's history, moreover, is more than unsound. When did MR. BUCHANAN hear that the late GENERAL SKOBELEFF took part in the Crimean War?—which was at an end when the SKOBELEFF who distinguished himself so much in the Russo-Turkish War was still a boy. GENERAL SKOBELEFF has been so often described in newspaper letters and in several English biographies, or biographies translated into English from the Russian, that a dramatist presenting him on the stage might have been expected to form beforehand some clear idea as to his personal appearance. SKOBELEFF was tall and handsome, and he did not live beyond the prime of life. The GENERAL SKOBELEFF of MR. BUCHANAN's play is a little, wrinkled, decrepit, old man, and as mean as the real SKOBELEFF was generous.

THERE are other exceedingly droll things in this all too Russian play. Russians, it is well known, address one another in patriarchal fashion, by the Christian name and the patronymic, without employing the surname. With startling novelty, but also in contempt of all patriarchal custom, Russian or other, MR. BUCHANAN forms his patronymic in the strangest fashion from surnames. It was, of course, in the period before surnames that, for purposes of distinction, patronymics were first used. "James the son of John" is an intelligible and rational form of speech; but "Smith the son of Smith," or "Smith of the Smith family," would help but little to identify the person so designated. One of MR. BUCHANAN's characters is called "Kriloff," the well-known name of the popular Russian fabulist; and this personage, in defiance of all propriety, is addressed as "Kriloff Kriloffski."

FINALLY MR. BUCHANAN, as a Scotchman, ought to have known that an organ is not, as a matter of course, found in every church; and on due inquiry he would have learned that no Russian church possesses an organ. The introduction of musical instruments into a church would be regarded by the mass of the Russian people as profanity of the worst kind. If MR. BUCHANAN had only taken the trouble to get correct information in regard to this, he might have secured a striking effect in his church scene by introducing voices, in the true Russian style, in lieu of the inadmissible music of the organ.

PLAYGOERS do not seem to have realised yet the civic dignity of MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. There is a line in the Gaiety burlesque about it. "The Sheriff will take me for the pantomime," says a sprightly damsel who is seeking her fortune in the cards. Then there is a pause, and the lady looks archly at the audience, and after a few moments' reflection, it dawns on half a dozen people that it is MR. SHERIFF AUGUSTUS GLOSSOP HARRIS who is the subject of this exquisite humour.

PLYMOUTH is busy with preparations for the 21st, on which day the DUKE OF EDINBURGH will unveil the great Armada Memorial. Since we last wrote of the Memorial much progress has been made. A large number of workmen are busy fixing the statue of Britannia, as well as the many bronzes around the column. The seventeen coats-of-arms contributed by various boroughs along the coast are already in their places, together with the arms of the Honourable Artillery Company and the families of FROBISHER, GRENVILLE, PROWSE, RASHLEIGH, STUCLEY, and VASSALL; and above these hang the four large shields and medallions of DRAKE, HAWKINS, HOWARD, and SEYMOUR. On that side of the monument which looks over the town are cut the words of NELSON's famous signal, and the legend "He blew with His winds and they were scattered" faces the sea.

It will be seen that the design attempts to render justice to each and all of the great men who saved England in that struggle. But whatever may be said of this from the antiquarian's point of view, it strikes us as artistically a mistake. What was wanted is surely some grand and simple figure or group which should not merely have been interesting to the sightseer who stands by the base and peers into the details, but should have dominated the approach to Plymouth as Germany's great memorial dominates the Rhine, sending its story over the historic waters at its foot. After all, England in the year of the Armada was greater even than the group of her sons here commemorated: and had this only been realised, we might have possessed a national, instead of a provincial, memorial on Plymouth Hoe.

THE Council of Clifton College seem to have faced the task of choosing a new Headmaster with more zeal than discretion, and are looking slightly foolish in consequence. Without inviting applications, they privately nominated MR. H. A. JAMES, Principal of Cheltenham College, to succeed MR. WILSON. Now if any two public schools in this kingdom are sworn rivals, those two are Clifton and Cheltenham. Consequently, as soon as it was known by Cheltenham boys and masters that their Principal contemplated going over to the enemy, there was a pretty hubbub. In other words, "an urgent and unanimous appeal against the step was presented," and MR. JAMES allowed himself to be constrained. This rivalry may be all very stupid; but the Clifton Council, of all men, might have been able to allow for its strength.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

"ETON are ye?" of the mi Cheltenham lence, wh present h out whe cricket f that Clif and offer more tha was a pr

THE all thing earthl revised shall fo bitter n throw. in Japan and of murder spoken would while, progres meets f again gated refer t and are tolerat

IN featur allowe But it accus hotel- with a consti in cha as mu secret wrest forbi they only old o Forei the p of th forty seem solut allow order feeli East

M beh tory and cou visi fish life dia not ske am har col cor

"ETON we know and Rugby we know; but who are ye?" This now famous sentence was the cause of the mischief. It was sent by the Captain of the Cheltenham Eleven as his answer to Clifton's challenge, when the younger school was climbing to its present high position. The insult was terribly wiped out when at length the two schools met on the cricket field; but it has not been forgotten. And that Clifton from its height should now look down and offer to exalt Cheltenham's Principal has proved more than Cheltenham's blood can stand. But it was a pretty tit-for-tat.

THE friends of Japan are uneasy just now, for all things seem to be at sixes and sevens in that earthly paradise. The public feeling against the revised treaties, which provide that foreign judges shall for some years to come try foreigners, is as bitter now as when it caused COUNT OKUMA'S overthrow. We read of meetings of the foreign residents in Japan for the purpose of taking counsel together; and of a Japanese politician, declaring that the murder of a certain British ex-consul for having spoken some plain home-truths would be an act that would merit the thanks of the whole world. Meanwhile, preparations are in an advanced stage of progress for the new Parliament, or Diet, which meets for the first time next month; and now and again new laws and regulations are being promulgated for the guidance of the people. The latest refer to public meetings and political associations, and are such as no liberty-loving Englishman would tolerate for a moment.

IN our eyes, perhaps, the most objectionable feature of the new laws is the unlimited discretion allowed the police to disperse and prohibit meetings. But it must be remembered that the Japanese are accustomed to being "shadowed." For instance, hotel-keepers have every night to supply the police with a list of lodgers; and actually while the new constitution was being drawn up, the State officials in charge of the task were followed by the police—as much to see that they did not divulge the great secret as to take care that it was not forcibly wrested from them. Women and infants are now forbidden to attend political meetings, nor may they belong to any political associations. Indeed, only duly qualified electors, twenty-five years old or more, may be members of any such body. Foreigners may not address political meetings, and the police must be informed by a responsible person of the names, addresses, and *ages* of the speakers forty-eight hours before the time of meeting. It seems also that meetings in the open air are absolutely prohibited. A little latitude, it is true, is allowed at election times; but if this is to be the order of things under the new *régime*, we confess to feeling fearful for the future of the England of the East.

THE PROPHET'S MANTLE.

MONDAY was spent by me in turning out three large boxes of papers that my grandfather left behind him when he died. As the author of a "History of British Fishes" he was pretty widely known, and his correspondence bears the post-marks of many countries; yet, with the exception of two brief visits to London, he lived his days in the small fishing-town of his birth, among his kin. Such a life holds few secrets; and the score or two of diaries and note-books told me little that I did not know already, being filled, in the main, with sketches and jottings for his *magnum opus*. But among them I came on a volume, in another handwriting, that interested me greatly—a small collection of sermons, bound in puce-coloured leather, considerably spotted and torn down the back. The

title-page bears, in faded ink, the name of "Josiah Rendle," whose record is faint enough. I can learn only that he was an uncle of my grandfather's by marriage, and combined the two callings of fisherman and local preacher—having been, indeed, one of John Wesley's earliest converts.

Except for a certain insistence on the dignity of man's estate on earth, a view rarely discovered in works of their class, these sermons of Josiah Rendle are by no means noteworthy. But the collection is prefixed by seven closely written pages of an entirely different nature, narrating (as I suppose—for no hint of their purpose is given) the events that led to the writer's conversion: and the reading of these stirred me curiously. The roots of a man, however, lie so deep in the graves of his forefathers, that I fancied the story might be appealing merely to those few drops of like blood with Josiah Rendle's which run in my veins. I wonder, will you, who are none of his kin, feel as I?

It was about noon on the 23rd of July, 1762, that the Preacher came among us for the first time, having walked the last five miles along the cliffs. A sadder season he could not have hit upon, for the fish were late and the people starving; but worse than all was the diphtheria, that came early in the hot month and settled between the two hills of the haven, and killed and went on killing. The doctor's house stood in the road above ours, and the women would run by our door, with their heads bare, clutching their babes, in whose throats the disease was already rattling. The Preacher must have met one or two on his way down the hill; and Nance Treweek overtook him just by our cottage, with her second-born a lump of clay in her arms.

Yet there was a bravish crowd that listened to him when he spoke from the orrel over Zebedee Minards' fish-cellar—many standing in the heat of the road, and more sitting along the causeway opposite, in the cool,—but all sick and listless and starving. In the middle, a woman got up from the causeway, sat her child down, snapped her fingers, and cried: "That for God! Will He send us pilchards, or won't He?"—"Yes, He will," said Wesley.—"When?"—"To-night, if there's one among you that has faith!"

I—being just fifteen—forgot all but these words. When the preaching was over, he stepped down and took his seat inside Tom Richard's yellow van, being bound to preach again at Troy that same evening, and Tom called "Cl'k!" to his old sorrel mare, and off they went up the hill, the people too dull with suffering to fling so much as a blessing after Wesley. It seemed he'd done no good.

The van was out of sight when I set off to stroll back, up the same road, wanting my tea and wondering if there would be anything to eat at home. But, half-way up, a thought took me, and I ran past our door and the doctor's, along the road to Troy. At the top of the hill the sun blazed straight into my eyes, and against it, three-quarters of a mile away on the road, was a black spot that I recognised. What took me, I don't know, but I fell down on my knees in the middle of the road and cried, stretching out my hands after Tom Richard's van—

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!"

Then I rose up, and gazing after the van till it dropped out of sight in the yellow haze, I turned aside from the road and walked down to the edge of the cliff, where Lot, the huer, sat on the look-out, with his bush beside him.

"Any signs of the fish?" I asked.

He shook his head. "None, my lad."

"They're coming," said I; "go higher, up to the road, and look out. In five minutes call to me. Take your bush along with you."

I suppose he thought I had seen something, for up he went.

"I see none!" he called down at last.

"Wait another five minutes!" I cried; for in that hour, and never before or since, I felt the fish coming, as surely as gulls forestall the wind. I began to count; but before I had finished five hundred, there was no need.

"Heva! Heva!"

I shaded my eyes, looking out over the waters. Far down in the west there lay a dim smear, barely visible, in colour between blood-red and purple. A solitary bird—a gannet—was busy above it.

"Heva!" I yelled, and raced down to our cottage.

My father was sitting on the doorstep with Jenifer, my youngest sister, upon his knee. Before telling the news I heard the rattle in her throat.

Now of all the fishermen in the haven my father was the master-hand: I speak of the drift-fishery, for a sear was unknown to us in those days, and for twenty years after. And hearing my shout he rose, set his sick child down on the threshold, and took a dozen steps down the hill; but turned and came back heavily, like a man in a dream.

"God forgive me," he said, and took Jenifer on his knee again. For my mother had been dead three years, and there was none to nurse the little maid if he went.

"In this weather," said I, "a boy's as good as a man."

He nodded dully, without looking up; and, hardly knowing if he had heard me, I went on down the hill.

The end was that but five boats put out, ours leading; for most of the men jeered, the sea being like a pond, the weather clear, and a full moon rising, at which time the fish are shiest. It was the hour after sunset, when all grows flat and misty to the eye, and a mile of water looks the same as two. We hoisted the brown sails, and stole out on the tide, with hardly a breath to help us. And first we lost sight of the huer on the cliffs, though he had covered his bush with the whitest of calico, to direct us; and next—because we alone hoisted a mizzen and got out our sweeps—the other boats dropped behind into the shadow. For they carried no lights, oil being too scarce in the town.

My father's boat measured twenty-seven feet in the keel, and carried eighteen nets, each net twenty fathoms in length and seven fathoms deep. And the four men on board cursed as they rowed, pair and pair about, for eight weary miles—I sitting and steering sou'-sou'-west. For, notwithstanding the moon, there was "briming" enough in the water to make the nets, when shot, look like a wall of fire, and scare every fish in the sea. Each oar, as it dipped, stirred up a pool of gold and blue; and one of the men, seeing this, began to whistle out of recklessness, and then stopped for sheer faintness. But I knew that God was going to help us, without heed of any man's defiance. So while they cursed, I steered on.

Suddenly, without giving reason even to myself, I ordered them to pull down sail and shoot the nets across the tide. Again they humoured me; because, as every one knows, drift-nets should only be shot at sundown or just before dawn, for pilchards are most active, and enter the nets best, in the morning and evening: and this was neither. But I think they were resigned to ill-success. As the nets were heaved over and spread, every mesh was outlined in fire, and the head-line ran out with a row of dotted sparks.

Then the men swore at me again, and flung themselves down to sleep, under the thwarts: but I went to the bows, where the rope was fastened, and waited for the miracle.

The moon climbed over the mast. So clear was the night, a man might fancy he saw the dew distilled from the stars and dripping on his forehead; so calm, it seemed that the stars' twinkle and the heave of the waters were the motions of one pulse. I looked for the other boats, but they had lost heart and put back; and the lights of the little town were

hidden in a fold of the dim coast. In that hour I read the secret of my fellows' obscure toil, the purpose it fulfilled, and my own share in it; and passed from boy to man. Pulling the rope gently, till that the boat's nose touched the net, I leant over, thrust a finger through one of the gleaming meshes, and with that marriage-ring took the sea to me for life—the only wife I have ever sought.

Then, as I turned in all the exaltation of this the most solemn act of my life, I saw a faint tongue of fire run up from the foot of the mast, shiver for an instant on the truck, and die out. It was that phenomenon which our fishermen call the "Composant," but I knew that my sister Jenifer was dead, and that her soul had stayed an instant on its way, to visit me.

It was two in the morning, or thereabouts; and waking up the men, I gave the order to haul.

When day came, the people on the cliffs saw our difficulty, and sent out boats to help us; for we were too weak to haul the net, let alone to lade the fish on board. There were 40,000 pilchards to be carried home, and they beat so on the top of the water that when my father's voice hailed me from the last boat I could not hear a syllable; but I guessed he spoke of Jenifer, and knew what he had to tell.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P., AND THE EIGHT HOURS QUESTION.

SIR,—Never, I believe, since Socrates, have so many questions been put on a simple subject as were propounded in an article upon the Eight Hours Legal Day in your edition of the 27th of September. I frankly confess (with Solomon) that there are many things which are too hard for me, not that I will particularise (as he did), for I admit the dictation of the Scriptures is too plain for modern ears. . . . Impossible to deny the fact. There is the vote. For years we have been working up trades unions, for we believed they were composed of milk and water moderates, and would serve as a bulwark (a sort of buffer state, as the politicians say) 'twixt us and the foreign Socialist ideas.

Still there's the vote!—vote of the British Parliament of Labour—for the Legal Eight Hours Day. What then to do? Nothing so easy as to insinuate manoeuvres, to hint all sorts of trouble and dissensions in the ranks of our manly *protégés*, who had so unseemly hoist us with our own petard! Expedient also (in an Ollendorffian style) to put all sorts of futile questions and to ask conundrums! It would be impertinent of me to trespass on your space as lengthily as the distinguished writer of the article in question. He writes to explain away the unexplainable. Fly from it as you like, the vote means this: The Socialist idea has entered into the minds of British working men. Disguise it as you please, the delegates came pledged. I would remind you that the Congress was one of delegates, not representatives. This at once knocks on the head all the insinuations of manoeuvring. In every trade a special vote *ad hoc* was taken. Therefore, though before the Congress there was plenty of scope for tactics, at the Congress there was none.

Now for the objections. It will be seen at once that they apply not to the Eight Hours Bill alone, but to all the legislation on the statute book of England—the Factory Acts included. Is there a law? Naturally there must be a penalty if it is broken. This the working class knows well, and knows the benefit of it, in the Factory Acts. The passing of an Eight Hours Bill will not exclude (I should fancy) reason from the human mind. In the Eight Hours (Mines) Bill I have had for years before the House, provisions were inserted specially for accidents, for leave to work in case of flooding, or like necessity.

Now come the questions, thick as the leaves . . . upon the Stock Exchange. Most of them are irrelevant, or have no meaning; one or two of them I propose to deal with.

Who will enforce the legal maximum? Who pay inspectors? Who control them? How many will be needed? I will answer by another question or questions. Who pays the inspectors for the Factory Acts? Who controls them? Clearly, to enforce the measure, inspectors must be had; equally as clear that experience alone can tell (after the Act comes into operation) how many will be needed. From the tenor of some other of the questions we would think the Eight Hours Legal Day was a huge wrong that capitalists proposed to inflict upon the working classes, instead of being the question that the working classes (as shown by the voting of the Congress) have next at heart.

Granted that Acts of Parliament should be precise (would that all of them, indeed, were so!), surely it can be no harder to

regulate th
already. A
do to the tr
a dozen or
Acts. Sha
alone? Su
protected
include wo
driven to

Again,
mean eigh
Legal Eigh
Hours Ac
because no
to be spre
was the m
in the rec
the tailor.
Obviously
comes in l
the worki
classes, d
during the
and "New
working,
It seemed
was the op
the excess
men work
ten hours
that resto
Work is v
with heav
needle eq
attack lon

Lastly
allowing
deny tha
the quest
presume
against
shorter l
unnecess
that an a
the Cong
were the
tive of tl
thus, I th
their wel
are more
at the ne
it necess
do so.

I am
article co
of Trade
It ma
the Eigh
have don
have bee
that som
working
or hear
most mo
peace bo
hyena a

I m
nature f
had a w
on tra
teresting
ing, I th
apply to
greater
No one,
a man v
for him

One
curse a
employ
induce
the Ac
classes
order t
into a c
profit o

So
found,
nature
the wo
difficul
culties
dogmas

regulate the hours of men than those of women, as that is done already. All these objections as to what the inspector will say or do to the tailor working at a shirt have been laughed out of court a dozen or twenty years ago, during the passing of the Factory Acts. Shall the Act apply to women and children, or to men alone? Surely the greater includes the less. As women are protected now, and as the spirit of the New Unionism tends to include women . . . they will not allow their children to be driven to death.

Again, what does the "Eight Hours limit" mean? Does it mean eight hours a day for six days of the week? . . . The Legal Eight Hours Day implies a maximum. Under the Eight Hours Act the Saturday half-holiday would be as safe as now, because no minimum would be fixed. "Is the Eight Hours' Day to be spread over the whole twenty-four?" Certainly not: that was the main grievance the Post Office employés fought against in the recent agitation. "Is the labour of the miner and the tailor, the mason and the engineer, to count as equal?" Obviously not, says Mr. Harrison. There's where the difference comes in betwixt the man of theory and the man drawn from the working classes. To the eternal honour of the working classes, different degrees of toil were never once alluded to during the Congress. There seemed to be among both "Old" and "New" Trades Unionists a general opinion that work was working, whether in factory or in mine, at bench or workshop. It seemed as if all sections saw and recognised that the employer was the oppressor, and that the present problem was to escape the excessive hours that make men mere machines. Of two men working at different trades—a tailor and a miner—each for ten hours, it is possible the miner puts out more strength; does that restore the tailor to his home a minute earlier in the day? Work is working, intense and arduous, whether with needle or with heavy hammer. How can anyone say how many hours of needle equal one of hammer, or *vice versa*? The only way is to attack long hours in the lump.

Lastly, as to overtime. Mr. Harrison says, Will a Bill allowing overtime become a wages, not an hours Bill at all? I deny that any delegate at the Congress . . . approached the question from the point of view of overtime at all. I presume that the consensus of opinion of the working classes is against overtime, and that the greater number of men that shorter hours would find employment for would render it unnecessary. Mark, too, the specious nature of the suggestion that an attempt to carry into effect the resolutions would break the Congress up and please the employers. This might be so, were the representatives of the older trades really representative of the bulk of the men working in them. The case stands thus, I think. Many of the trades do not desire to quarrel with their well-known leaders; but in the majority of cases, the men are more advanced by far than are the leaders. This being so, at the next Congress the leaders (as leaders always do) will find it necessary, to keep their places, to move on, and they will do so.

I am ready to admit that the latter part of Mr. Harrison's article contains some praise, but faint enough to damn a legion of Trades Unionists.

It may or may not be that politicians have till now treated the Eight Hours Bill as ludicrous. Times out of mind politicians have done the same. Still I deny that on this occasion politicians have been so blind. I think I see that politicians have perceived that something of a most unusual kind is stirring amongst the working classes. If they had read the speeches at the Congress, or heard how fiercely parties were denounced, how even the most moderate section seemed to realise that there was as little peace between the employer and the employed as 'twixt the hyena and the dog, then their eyes would have been opened.

I must confess I had looked for objections of an economic nature from the writer of the article. Had such been stated, had a word been said of the probable effect on the consumer, on trade, or wages, my task had been a far more interesting one both to myself and your readers. Broadly speaking, I think it may be said that the provisions of the Act shall apply to those who work to make wealth for others. By far the greater portion of our working classes fall under this category. No one, I think, at present, would apply an Eight Hours Act to a man who minds his own shop, ploughs his own lands, or fishes for himself in his own boat.

One would think (from Mr. Harrison) that leisure was a curse and not a blessing. Who is to prevent, says he, an employer, under a lucrative contract, offering such terms as will induce men to work any hours? Nothing but two things: first, the Act itself, and then the general objection of the working classes to make slaves of themselves (even at high wages) in order that from their blood and muscle an employer may enter into a contract, calculating in a short space of time to make his profit out of men's necessity.

So far the objections are to the demand itself. It has been found, I think, that in the demand nothing of an unreasonable nature exists. The existing agitation in almost every country of the world disposes to some extent of the foreign competition difficulty. Parliament in the past has faced and conquered difficulties as great or greater. It is proved beyond a doubt that the dogmas of the so-called science of political economy have lost

weight with the working classes. Day after day men who have sworn by all their gods that they would never vote for such a measure, are finding themselves pledged to it. Absolutely vain is the attempt to raise a cloud of objections on side issues.

Evidently all the cries of "individual liberty in danger" have no effect on the workmen. Had we not better make our minds up to the question and devote our attention to endeavouring to accomplish something of a practical nature? . . . for it will be as easy to restrain the working classes, after the Trades Union votes, as it would be to compel the stars to do duty in the Strand as lamps in your November fog.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

[We print Mr. Cunningham Graham's letter as correctly as possible; but some portions of it are quite illegible. These we have indicated by asterisks. At the same time we would like to point out to Mr. Graham that he altogether fails to appreciate the fact that even the vote on which he places so much weight showed that the Trades Union Congress was almost equally divided on the Eight Hours Question.—ED. SPEAKER.]

CHIMÆRA DIRE.

SIR,—You are quite correct about "bombinans." The burlesque scholastic proposition was: "*Utrum Chimæra, bombinans in vacuo, possit comedere secundas intentiones.*" Whether a Chimæra, bombinating in a vacuum, can devour [its] second intentions.

It is generally called Rabelaisian, but so far as can be known it is not Rabelais's. It is not in the "*Chresme Philosophale*," which is always printed in his "works," but it will be found in a note to Burgaud des Marets and Rathery's scholarly text of Rabelais (second edition, 1873, ii. 540). I fancy I remember it in Urquhart's translation; but that is not among the four (French) editions of Rabelais now at my left elbow.

As to the second intentions, we need not bother just now about the "excluded middle," nor about abracadabra as a second intention, nor about konx is ompax; but it must be recorded that the translation of bombinans by "buzzing" is euphemistic merely, as anyone may see who chooses to turn to the line in the "*Schola Salernitana*," which ends in—

" . . . res est saluberrima lumbis."

The current misconceptions of the word bombinans have also led to the substitution of volvitans, which is not unusual as a misquotation.—I am, Sir, &c., DEFTERDAR EFFENDI.

MR. HALL CAINE'S "MAHOMET."

SIR,—In the last issue of the *SPEAKER*, Mr. Hall Caine, in his just indignation, has written a very strong and passionate reply to one of my co-religionists' letter in the *Times*, on the production of his drama entitled *Mahomet*. I have not read the *Times* letter, but from Mr. Caine's criticism I can gather this much, that the subject "has given rise to a warmth of feeling" throughout India. It may be so, but there are many Muslims in that country—and they are zealous followers of the Great Arabian Legislator and Prophet as is the *Times* correspondent himself—who would not think the production of the drama in question on an English stage as sacrilegious, nor a "mockery" of their beloved Prophet. I appeal to a precedent. Everyone knows at least something about the *Moharrem* festival. What is it? Nothing but another form of the Passion Play, and perhaps a less dignified one. Had Mr. Caine's drama been produced, I for one would have certainly gone to see it on the very first night, and if worth seeing, on many more.

It is a great pity that Mr. Hall Caine has used strong language in his article. By such useless phrases as "blind bigotry," "silly superstition," "shallow and senseless prejudice," the susceptibilities of a people are hurt. Mr. Caine may think of the belief whatever he likes, but still it is an article of the faith of an overwhelming majority of the Muslims of India, and it is wrong to attack any faith in strong terms. Hard words break no bones. Let Mr. Caine reason them out of their ignorance—and in this I heartily join with him—but mildly.

Now there is another side of this question, the political side. Perhaps Mr. Caine is not a politician. When he protests in the name of "literary liberty," he does not understand India nor Indian politics. Of course the Muslims of India have no right to ask the British Government to stop the production of any drama on any English stage, however sacrilegious it may be in their opinion, but certainly they could ask it as a favour. Any Government who would ignore their request would be guilty of an irreparable act of folly. It would alienate the good feelings of the greatest numbers of the Mohammedans, and that is saying a great deal. Let us all join in enlightening the Muslim opinion of India, by every conceivably legitimate and fair means, but at the same time let the Government check any encroachment on the religious sensibility of a people who are extraordinarily sensitive, and thus maintain the good feeling which exists between the followers of Christ and Mohammed.

October 6th, 1890.

AN INDIAN MUSLIM.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE DONE.

NO bluer sky was ever seen
 When summer mornings first unfold;
 The woods and fields are fresh and green,
 And in a haze of gold.
 But what though woods and fields are fair,
 And bright with yonder rising sun?
 The breath of autumn's in the air:
 The Summer days are done.

Now Autumn comes with falling leaves,
 That one by one the ways bestrow;
 And Winter with its icy eaves
 And fields of silent snow.
 Fair seasons both, but yet to-day
 I think on that whose race is run;
 And to myself I sigh and say—
 "The Summer days are done!"

RALPH CALDER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, October 10th, 1890.

THERE is hardly any question more vexatious, irritating, and puzzling than this: what is the influence of a man's opinions on his conduct? It has its literary side. Novels and plays deal with conduct, with the behaviour of people under stress of circumstances. They always have done so, and it is most devoutly to be wished they will always continue to do so. Action can surely never be quite thrust out. But novels and plays have now begun to deal with opinions as well as with conduct, and this upon the plea that conduct is the child of opinion, duly begotten, as wise old Jeremy Bentham once observed, in the bed of metaphor.

But metaphors are things to be abhorred, though hardly to be avoided. We should perhaps feel very cramped for room without them, for, like skilfully hung mirrors, they immensely enlarge, in appearance, our narrow bounds, and afford us glimpses of vistas that have no existence in reality, and of corridors along which we can never pass. But when engaged upon a job like the present, metaphors are no use.

As a matter of fact, is a man more or less likely to steal, or to lie, or to be false to his word or his friend, according as he does or does not lodge or otherwise entertain certain opinions? Where does it begin or end—this puzzling question? No one, surely, will contend that a Unitarian is more likely to commit forgery than a Trinitarian, or that a dairyman who is a Universalist is more certain to water his milk than his rival in trade, who is a black Calvinist. And yet how far may we push this? Where does danger creep in? Sturdy moralists of the Dr. Johnson type have been long accustomed to bid us count our spoons after the visits of Atheists. But do we? It is necessary to ask these questions, painful as they are. There are those abroad, and in high places too, who are interested in maintaining the market value of their wares, and it is only by a critical and even offensive examination into their several pretensions that we can hope to distinguish between the mendacious quacks who vend pills to cure earthquakes, and those wise physicians whose prescriptions can really cool the fevered blood and bid the lawless fancy be still.

It may be said that Agnostics are usually well-to-do, and have besides for the most part been brought up on the "Peep of Day," and the "Fairchild Family." We are told to wait awhile until the poor Agnostic makes his appearance whose childhood's hour has known no Isaac Watts, no Mrs. Sherwood.

What about one's spoons then? That they may be in danger is certain, but the question is a comparative one. Will they be in any greater danger from the needy Agnostic than from the starving Christian?

M. Bourget in his famous novel, "Le Disciple," has raised this question far above spoons and the mere laws of property. He has imagined a moral monstrosity, justifying his villainies by the negations of a speculative philosophy. Because an amiable old gentleman in his study asserted there was no God, no freedom of will, and that the passions must take their course, the disciple behaves like a rogue, and has his brains most deservedly blown out at the end of the book. Thereupon all the keepers of the hen-roosts begin cackling and screaming; "M. Bourget," say they, "has turned Queen's evidence against the unbeliever. See what will happen if our young men and maidens read Herbert Spencer!"

But villains and even monsters are no new things. Some of the biggest rascals that ever lived were firm believers in a future life and judgment to come.

Is a man one bit more likely to behave like M. Bourget's disciple because he asserts himself to believe that virtue has no real existence and vice is but a name, and that the passions must take their course? It is a vexed question.

Is it an irrational scepticism which steps in and makes one doubt whether anybody is quite sure enough of anything to pin such dreadful things to it? For my part, I find it easier to believe that a villain is a villain because he loves ginger hot in the mouth than because, once upon a time, he read in a book, or was told by a sinful companion over a bottle in a tavern, that it is all nonsense about Jonah and the whale, or that there is nothing in the argument from design, or even that virtue and vice are meaningless words. Villains do not care for such talk. They jump the world to come.

Theologians are in a very different position from novelists and dramatists. It may well be, theologically, of immense importance what opinions a man holds. Lord Brougham had no right whatever to tell the Glasgow students that the great fiat had gone forth that henceforth no man was to be responsible for his religious opinions, over which he had no control. How did his lordship know that? There may be a responsibility and a tremendous responsibility attached to opinions. Besides which, fiats do not go forth except in purely legal circles.

But novelists and dramatists are not theologians, and have hardly proved their right to assume that action, which is their province, turns upon opinion. Speculation plays a small part in men's lives, outside lunatic asylums. It is no doubt easier to go on twitting about opinions than it is to depict character and invent plots, but what is so easy should be contemptible.

The old paths are best, the old motives, the old passions. Readers have grown sick of the imbecile handlings of so-called problems of life, which they are now asked to accept as legal tender for tales and plays.

Still, the question remains, not what shapes conduct—for that admits of being partially answered—but what part do speculative opinions play in helping to shape conduct? A. B.

PRINCE

BISMARCK
ECONO
Harbu
Lassal

M. v
in the e
by comp
170 pag
about t
policy i
as an e
book in
duction
mary,
summa
with r
in curr
rather
book—
guilds,
man an
insuran
tempt
and S
Berlin
system
polies
before
up to
famous
there
Social
in En
of th
Berlin
Th
is der
march
Daws
insist
the J
lectio
publi
Daws
is an
policy
tradi
rick
Prus
not
bert
Main
origi
train
not
had
have
the
at a
offic
cert
disc
he l
that
hap
as i
he l
Nie
tim
the
a p
ter
som
dri
ma
as
lab

REVIEWS.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND STATE SOCIALISM.

BISMARCK AND STATE SOCIALISM: AN EXPOSITION OF THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LEGISLATION OF GERMANY SINCE 1870. By William Harbutt Dawson, Author of "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

MR. DAWSON has earned the thanks of all those who are interested in economic questions and in the ever-recurring problem of State interference, by compressing into a modest little volume of about 170 pages a very great deal of useful information about the history of Prussian and German fiscal policy in general, and the career of Prince Bismarck as an economist in particular. To go through his book in detail would probably involve the reproduction here of a good deal of its contents. A summary, however readable, cannot well be further summarised; and a reviewer must content himself with referring readers who are specially interested in current social problems to the sketch—necessarily rather more compressed even than the rest of the book—of the attempts to re-establish industrial guilds, in the interest nominally both of the workman and the consumer; to the chapter on industrial insurance; and to the particulars given of the attempts to regulate the labour of women and children, and Sunday labour in factories, previously to the Berlin Labour Conference. The State railway system and the abortive tobacco and brandy monopolies are also touched upon. Though written before the Berlin Conference, the book is brought up to date by the insertion of extracts from the famous rescript and of the resolutions passed; and there is a useful introductory chapter on the State-Socialism expounded by a writer less known perhaps in England than some of the other representatives of the "tendency," Professor Adolf Wagner of Berlin.

The main literary interest in the book, however, is derived from the changing attitude of Prince Bismarck towards economic questions; and here Mr. Dawson seems to us to give his assent to the view insisted on by M. Raffalovich in a recent review in the *Journal des Economistes* (April, 1890) of the collection of documents on the same subject recently published by Herr von Poschinger. In details, Mr. Dawson agrees with M. Raffalovich, Prince Bismarck is an Opportunist; but the main end of his fiscal policy has been to develop and extend the economic tradition of the Prussian State—visible under Frederick the Great—with its maxims embodied in the Prussian Landrecht, and (though Mr. Dawson does not mention it) virtually an imitation of Colbert's policy in France, and virtually, as Sir Henry Maine pointed out in the latest of his works, originating with the experts in statecraft who were trained in the school of Machiavelli. Now it does not very clearly appear that Prince Bismarck ever had any such general line of policy. He seems to have always been the very type of Opportunism: the statesman of plain common-sense, not fettered at all by book-learning, nor very much even by official tradition; who has found it desirable to take certain steps at different times, and has then had to discover plausible reasons for them—reasons which he has supplied, with more or less unconsciousness that they are afterthoughts, from any store which happened to be conveniently accessible. Sometimes, as in his defence of protection to home-grown corn, he has reflected the "Nationalism" of the school of Niebuhr, as applied in economics by List; sometimes he has gone to the well-worn phrases about the duty of the Christian State which play so large a part in popular economic literature, and are so terribly apt to degenerate into the merest platitude; sometimes (as M. Raffalovich suggests) he has been driven into action by his own experience of the mismanagement of cross-country railways; sometimes—as in the case of restrictions on female and Sunday labour—he has talked like a confirmed member of

that Manchester school which at other times he has condemned; while most commonly of all, perhaps, as in his speeches on taxation and German colonial policy, he has gone to that Prussian bureaucratic tradition which still keeps up the worst traditions of the mercantile system, despite their complete refutation in the most historical and "inductive" parts of the "Wealth of Nations." A statesman who defended octrois, who deliberately prefers indirect to direct taxation, and who wishes to establish colonies as markets for home produce, can hardly be regarded as a very profound or successful economist. In the latter case the error is more curious, because either a reference to the work of a leading exponent of the historical school—Professor Roscher—or the mere observation of Eastern Germany and Western Prussia, would have shown a spontaneous movement of German colonisation which must assuredly have important political results, and which produces more values than either flooding Africa with cheap spirits or bringing about chaos in Samoa.

The chapter on "State Socialism and Wagner," with which the book opens, contains a good deal of information as to the leading theses of a prominent exponent of the "tendency." Progressive taxation, higher wages at the expense of the capitalist—[is not this being effected naturally, as Mr. Edward Atkinson indicated some years ago, by the decline of interest combined with improvement in production?—and nationalisation of the land, are all among Professor Wagner's proposals. Of course, the "historical school" go far beyond the attitude taken up by even the most advanced English orthodox economists—by Professor Marshall, for instance, in his new volume. And Professor Wagner, in particular, seems from the views here given never to have thought about international trade, and never to have realised the simple truth that a society is a very complicated organism, and that a government is a collection of human beings, with fettered limbs, divided responsibility, and inelastic traditions. But a cynic might remark that Prince Bismarck is right after all, and that the chief use of political theory has always been to supply justification for actions rather than to furnish their real premises. If Mr. Dawson had told us a little more about *Rechtsstaat* and *Polizeistaat*, and had given us a few more references, we should have been grateful for them. As it is, we thank him and his publishers for an excellent addition to a very useful series.

SCHOPENHAUER.

THE WISDOM OF LIFE. Being the First Part of Arthur Schopenhauer's "Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit." Translated by T. Bailey Saunders, M.A.—COUNSELS AND MAXIMS. Being the Second Part of the "Aphorismen." By the same Translator.—RELIGION: A DIALOGUE; AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. B. Saunders. London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1890.

TWO ESSAYS BY ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. I. The Fourfold Root. II. The Will in Nature. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.

It is a quarter of a century since the school of speculative criticism which must always be most closely associated with the name of Immanuel Kant, its founder, first began to exercise a real influence in Britain. It had been talked and written about before. Coleridge, Sir William Hamilton, and Ferrier, on the one hand, and Lewes on the other, had professed to expound and lay what was then regarded as a formidable spectre. But it was not until the late Thomas Hill Green published a memorable article on Aristotle in the *North British Review*, that unintelligent caricature gave place to real understanding. Nowadays, many of us are not Kantians. But we recognise that no man is entitled to say that he is a duly qualified student of philosophy who has not mastered what Kant taught.

Until a few years ago it was partly through Kant's own "Kritiken," and the numerous commentaries upon them, and partly through the Hegelian

developments of his position, that the critical philosophy had influenced English thinking. To-day, however, this influence is being exerted through a new channel. Arthur Schopenhauer's great treatise, "The World as Will and Idea," has been in English since 1883, and within the last twelve months there have appeared admirable translations of the "Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason," and (from the pen of Mr. Bailey Saunders) of the "Aphorisms on the Wisdom of Life," and the "Counsels and Maxims." For the theoretical foundation of the system it is necessary to turn to the first of these works. But the theoretical is hardly the most important side of Schopenhauer, and anyone who desires to get in a short space a notion of the man and his practical point of view will do well to turn to either of Mr. Bailey Saunders' two little volumes.

Kant introduced into philosophy a revolution which has been compared to that effected by Copernicus in astronomy. Instead of regarding the objective world as the *præ* of mind, he taught us to regard mind as the *præ* of the objective world. Space and time he reduced to forms in which intelligence constructs what is *for* it. Much of the difficulty which people have in accepting the conclusion in which the reasonings of Hume and Kant alike involve them, arises out of the assumption, which Kant was the first to question, that the individual self which is associated with a definite existence as an object in space and time is the same thing as the intellectual activity which is always the subject and never the object of knowledge. Kant taught that pure intelligence apprehends, in the forms of space and time, a raw material of sensation, given to it by a Thing in its Self which can never be, as such, an object of knowledge, and is therefore unknowable, but which may be (though we are not entitled to enter on the vain task of speculating about it) the same as the Creative Intelligence. The intense hatred of mysticism which characterised Hegel led him to refuse to have to do with any Unknowable, and he set himself to develop the theory of knowledge further by eliminating from reality everything excepting thought. Schopenhauer, on the other hand, sought to find the thing in itself, the common root alike of subject and of object, in Will—the one thing which we know immediately; and this conception he dovetailed into the Kantian theory of perception.

But it is not this side of Schopenhauer's teaching that is interesting and influencing many minds in this country deeply at the present moment. It is his ethical doctrine and his subtle analysis of the function in human life of Art. He was a pessimist. He told us that life was but a series of illusions, of painful experiences, and that on balance it was not worth living. But he said this in no spirit of levity. He preached that the pursuit of self was bad and a painful illusion, just as Jesus of Nazareth preached the same truth. And just as Jesus taught us to renounce the world and to seek alone the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, so Schopenhauer bade us renounce the will to live and the pursuit of happiness, and to take refuge in the serene temple of knowledge and passive contemplation. Take his description, in the fourth book of "The World as Will and Idea," of the man who has attained to this condition. "Such a man, who, after many bitter struggles with his own nature, has finally conquered entirely, continues to exist only as a pure knowing being, the undimmed mirror of the world. Nothing can trouble him more, nothing can move him, for he has cut all the thousand cords of will which hold us bound to the world, and, as desire, fear, envy, anger, drag us hither and thither in constant pain. He now looks back, smiling and at rest, on the delusions of this world, which once were able to move and agonise his spirit also, but which now stand before him as utterly indifferent to him as the chessmen when the game is ended, or as in the morning the cast-off masquerading dress which worried and dis-

quieted us in a night in carnival. Life and its forms now pass before him as a fleeting illusion, as a light morning dream before half-waking eyes, the real world already shining through it so that it can no longer deceive; and, like this morning dream, they finally vanish altogether without any violent transition." From this, one can understand the meaning of Madame de Guyon when, towards the end of her autobiography, she often expresses herself thus: "Everything is alike to me; I cannot will anything more: often I know not whether I exist or not."

In Art and Music we abstract from the individual will and the consciousness of self, and rise into this contemplative or objective condition of mind. Hence their value. But they can raise us but for the time. Much more is needed. "That peace and blessedness in the life of holy men which we have described is only found as the flower which proceeds from the constant victory over the will, and the ground in which it grows is the constant battle with the will to live; for no one can have lasting peace upon earth. We therefore see the histories of the inner life of saints full of spiritual conflicts, temptations, and absence of grace; *i.e.*, the kind of knowledge which makes all motives ineffectual, and, as a universal quieter, silences all volition, gives the deepest peace, and opens the door of freedom."

The world has reached a stage in which the sufficiency of such preaching is challenged on all hands. To overcome the will to live is good—nay, is essential—but it is the beginning and not the end of wisdom. Perhaps the greatest of the lessons which the Post-Kantian Germans have taught us is that the individual life is but a part of a wider life—a whole which determines as well as is determined by its component parts. And in this view the renunciation of self is the prelude not of a life of quietism, but of a life of wide-reaching activity in which the individual strives to live for the whole in which he has his existence. It needs no speculative reasoning to make us accept Carlyle's injunction to Produce.

The moral standards of the time assign the highest place, not to those who merely despise and trample on the world, but to those who despise and trample on the world and yet love and work for it. And thus it is that while men and women have to learn the lesson which Schopenhauer has impressed on the world with a keenness of insight and a force of expression which came near to those of the Gospels, they have something more to learn as the condition of real and right lives. But none the less ought they to be grateful to him. For in his writings they may find, not only the first steps of the path, but a view of literature and of art which shows them to be impelling forces along the way of salvation.

A TALE WITH A TENDENCY.

PAUL NUGENT—MATERIALIST. By Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer), and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1890.

THIS book may be supposed to be an "answer" to "Robert Elsmere," an antidote to the "unsettling" tendencies of that widely circulated work. It is difficult to see why such a book should be written at all. It is not altogether a novel, nor a collection of sermons, nor a scientific treatise. It is not calculated to convert anyone to Christianity; although it is possible that a serious young lady might believe that if her naughty free-thinking cousin could only be persuaded to read it, he would see the error of his ways. Into what is a tolerably simple story, written in a pleasing style, some terribly hard pieces of knowledge are inserted. These we may assume are due to the Reverend Darwin Burton. The present writer frankly confesses that he is entirely unable to criticise these parts of the book. He does not know the difference between the "influential and the automatic arcs;" he never heard of the "antero-frontal lobes" of the brain,

nor is intellect only age the soul "Phædr minute every possess. to skip in it. just th

Paul in fictio it is di got a l and a f the boe unusua Oxford eventua intellec but w dies o his ab peccad rather succee was a a smal curate of his althou munif friend freed the b eyes form even their Th do m Maud onet, unles time brou logic whic creeo worl brot bed, mar has dete he h T is th eith upo or f of i from poe the ter hac wh of

He thi de Ju wi his a s th tic we cu

nor is he aware that they are the test of the intellect. Nor is he inclined to believe that "the only agent that can work this part of the brain is the soul." He is absolutely unacquainted with the "Phædrus of Plato." Nor, indeed, has he that minute acquaintance with "Robert Elsmere" which every reader of "Paul Nugent" is expected to possess. He would advise perusers of this novel to skip anything they do not easily understand in it. They will save time, and the effect will be just the same.

Paul Nugent, who, like all the bold bad men in fiction, is a baronet, is also a materialist—why, it is difficult to see. He was educated at Eton, got a leaving certificate, took honours in "mods.," and a first in "stinks." We find towards the end of the book that he had never been baptised, a very unusual thing in the life of an ordinary Eton and Oxford aristocrat. He is extremely handsome, and eventually very rich. This man with a keen, cold intellect, marries a woman with a pretty face, but with no mind or character, who eventually dies of drinking. It is very strange that a man of his ability should be so easily taken in, and the peccadilloes of poor Perdita are painted in with rather a heavy brush. After a few years Nugent succeeds to the title and property of his uncle, who was a devoted Churchman, and goes to reside near a small town in which there are two hardworking curates, and church services twice a day. The fame of his opinions about religion has preceded him, and although he is represented as bounteous, benevolent, munificent, an excellent landlord, and a devoted friend, he is cut by his neighbours because of his freedom of thought, a course which the authors of the book appear to approve of entirely. In their eyes it is quite right for English ladies, who perform their religious duties regularly, to hesitate even to take the umbrella of one who rejects their God.

These strange views of Christian charity will surely do more harm than good. The heroine of the novel, Maud Dashwood, naturally falls in love with the baronet, or he does with her, but she will not marry him unless he is converted, a process which takes a long time and many catastrophes to effect. It is eventually brought about by some dull scientific and theological discussions, in which "difficulties" are resolved which we should imagine never determined the creed of any human being, by the tracts, etc., of a hard-working curate, by the demise of Maud Dashwood's brother, who is a bad villain, by a drunkard's death-bed, and by an eloquent sermon. Sir Paul, of course, marries Miss Dashwood at last, but not until he has been nearly killed by rescuing a woman he detests from a death by fire; and necessarily not until he has been baptised.

The weak point of all this "tendency" literature is that the heroes are so unsatisfactory. They are either molluscous or inconsistent, either played upon, like John Inglesant, by every passing influence or friendship, or, like our present baronet, a bundle of irreconcilable opposites. No one can be created from the outside. Nothing is true or effective in poetry or novel-writing which is not drawn from the heart and experience of the writer. A materialist who, after much striving and many tears, had come to believe in a God, might create a romance which would deeply stir the hearts and consciences of men.

But there is no reason to suppose that Miss Hetherington and Mr. Burton have ever been in this position. Therefore, the materialist whom they describe is what they imagine, not what they know. Just in order to save appearances, he is credited with one piece of harshness. He turns a man out of his cottage because he will not do any work. This is a solitary instance, and is entirely at variance with the rest of his character. The book, with the exception of the scientific and theological sermonettes, is well written. The narrative flows on in a melodious current; the characters are well defined, and are

placed vividly before the reader. Even the most subordinate figures, such as the curate's house-keeper and Dr. Abbott, are well sketched. It is a pity that these capacities were not used to produce a work of art, and not a nondescript. A romance devoted to the work of the curate Lovel in all its branches, a field with which the authors are fully qualified to deal, would have more influence over a wavering soul than the supposed conversion of any number of materialists. The lesson which most readers will draw from this book is not "Do not be a materialist," but "If you come across an unbeliever, however handsome, magnanimous, virtuous, or benevolent he may be, do not speak to him, or touch him, or ask him to dinner; and, above all, do not fall in love with him until he has seen the error of his way."

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE. The Elizabethan Version. From Amyot's Translation by Angel Day. Reprinted from the Unique Original, and edited by Joseph Jacobs. London: Nutt. 1890.

ANGEL DAY'S version of "Daphnis and Chloe" has been overtaken by complete oblivion. The literature of the seventeenth century ignores its existence, and only one copy of the original survives to convict its author of dulness and pedantry. But it was not popularity—the wear and tear of constant use—that destroyed the book. The readers of Elizabeth's age had no lack of entertaining literature, and were not so beggared of taste as to allow the clumsiest paraphrase into which a delightful romance has ever been distorted to cumber their shelves. And the worthy stationer's "pastoral" doubtless found its way to the fishmongers' stalls, where its leaves would be happily employed "to make loose gowns for mackerel." However, one copy escaped the general ruin, and from this Mr. Jacobs has made his reprint. Those who are familiar with the Greek of Longus, or the French of Amyot, cannot contemplate Angel Day's translation without a feeling of astonishment. It was done from Amyot's version, yet so involved and prolix is the style that, in spite of the fascination of the story, he is a brave man who would read it through. The spirit of romance has evaporated, the diction is pompous and graceless, and even the lapse of three centuries has failed to mellow it.

Few books have had a stranger history than "Daphnis and Chloe." Though it was written by a Sophist, learned in all the learning of the Alexandrian age, it seems to us rather a French than a Greek romance. That it should so seem is largely due to the excellence of Amyot's translation, which has been the cherished companion of thousands who knew not Greek, and through the medium of which Longus's wholesome story has exercised a profound influence on modern literature. Three centuries, as Mr. Jacobs reminds us, have witnessed no less than sixty editions of Amyot's French and only sixteen editions of the original Greek. Four Englishmen have been reckless enough to essay a translation, and the failure of each is complete. The prose of Angel Day is as inelegant as the prose of George Thorneley, and will induce few to renounce the allegiance they owe to Amyot's incomparable version.

It has long been a fond superstition of English scholars and critics that the Greek poets were insensible to the beauties of nature. And Mr. Jacobs does not lose the opportunity which a discourse on Longus affords of proclaiming that it is in the Greek romances that we meet with the earliest appreciation of landscape. It would be less remote from the truth to declare that nature has never been soberly understood since the golden age of classical literature. There is scarcely a page of Homer that does not contain an impression of landscape, sketched, as it should be, firmly and inevitably in half a dozen strokes. Was Æschylus, who first gave literary expression to the *κυμάτων ἀνιρήθμον γέλασμα*, insensible to the charm of nature? And there are few Greek tragedies which

do not suggest, in passages at least, the colour and music of the open air. Aristophanes' observation of nature is little less remarkable than his criticism of life. Pindar, the one great poet of the racecourse, can digress from the Pythian contests to babble of spring flowers. When the sovereignty of art was transferred from Athens to Rome, the inheritors of the Greek genius were still loyal in their devotion to field and stream. There are passages in Lucretius which, for delicacy of sentiment and wealth of colour, may be compared to modern French landscapes. It is not fortuitous that Virgil has been a delight and an inspiration to a legion of painters.

"Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ."

No words ever served better to create an impression than these. Here is no idle accumulation of detail, no suggestion of the reporter's note-book. The scene is sketched with a large, masterly touch, the touch of Claude or of Corot. But though the ancients were sensitive to nature, they never forgot the crowning virtue of restraint. They understood that a landscape was a background and nothing more; they could not construct a drama out of scenery, or allow the poignant human emotions to eke out an industrious catalogue of natural objects, which would nowadays be described as a "word-picture." Indeed, if in the underworld they were permitted to read "The Gamekeeper at Home," Richard Jefferies' view of nature would be no more intelligible to them than theirs is to Mr. Jacobs. The Greek romances, so far from revealing to us a fresh aspect of landscape, merely exhibit the first signs of decadence. Proportion is violated with little mercy, and the path is made plain for Mr. William Black and the novelists whose ambition it is to thrill the reader with a sunrise. The modern contempt for ancient landscape is easily explained. The majority of us are devout Wordsworthians. It is our pleasure to regard scenery as a kind of *hashish*, and to hope that, when our nerves are steeped in it, we shall become straightway clairvoyant, and look "through nature up to nature's God." To the Greeks this intricate confusion of beauty and intellect was impossible. They were æsthetic rather than sentimental, passionate rather than introspective; landscape, as art, appealed firstly and lastly to their senses. The spectacle of ocean, air, and sky suggested to them no elevated thoughts, no eager speculation concerning the human mind. Wordsworth himself was not always a Wordsworthian, and had in his youth contemplated the world with a sensuous eye. Then he tells us—

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

Here we have expressed with admirable clearness and definition the pagan point of view. But Wordsworth's senses grew dull. The cataract ceased to haunt him; and, no longer content with the voice of the waters, he strove to hear "the still, sad music of humanity." The classical poets, however, were impervious to all save physical impressions, and their happy limitation implies the keenest sensibility to the beauties of nature. And yet the critics continue to assert that without self-conscious introspection a love of landscape is impossible, and that the Greek poets were blind to their environment.

His acceptance of the nature heresy is not Mr. Jacobs' only indiscretion. For a professional bibliographer, he is strangely inaccurate. Angel Day was born in 1550, not in 1650. Heliodorus was translated by T. Underdowne, not by W. Underwood. And it was Thorneley, not Thornby, to whom we owe a version of Longus. For the first error he may share the blame with the printer; for the last two he must assume the undivided responsibility.

SEA POWER IN HISTORY.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY, 1666—1783. By Captain A. T. Mahan, United States Navy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

"HISTORIANS generally have been unfamiliar with the conditions of the sea, having as to it neither special interest nor special knowledge; and the profound determining influence of maritime strength upon great issues has consequently been overlooked." In these words Captain Mahan expresses the want which he has admirably succeeded in supplying. Written with the special object of arousing the American nation to a sense of the responsibilities which will one day fall upon it, this most valuable book is filled with teaching for ourselves. It is our own past history, in an aspect which we so strangely neglect, that supplies the author with his most striking illustrations. Our school histories fail utterly in tracing "the determining influence" of sea power on the fate of nations. In some military circles the policy which directed the Marlborough campaigns is regarded with approval, and the British army may be said to be organised rather with a view to playing a subordinate and ineffective rôle in Continental wars than to meet real Imperial requirements. The bugbear of invasion rears its head from time to time, and the fortification of London—in caricature—is supposed to have been commenced. A section of the press, in certain colonies dependent for very existence on seaborne trade, affects to regard with complaisance a withdrawal from the flag to the guardianship of which that trade owes its being. Captain Mahan's broad and lucid survey of the past supplies a much-needed correction of many illusions, and indicates clearly the conditions on which alone the Empire can be maintained intact.

"In these three things—production with the necessity of exchanging products, shipping whereby the exchange is carried on, and colonies which facilitate the operations of shipping and tend to protect it by multiplying points of safety—is to be found the key to much of the history, as well as of the policy, of nations bordering upon the sea." So long as that policy is based upon a correct appreciation of the meaning of sea power, and a determination to accept the sacrifices necessary to maintain it, a commercial nation grows and prospers. When the national policy is diverted into other channels, there has always been danger, and frequently ruin. Carthage in old days, Spain, Portugal, and Holland in later history, all serve to point this moral.

Sea power implies far more than a strong navy, and among its elements Captain Mahan rightly classes the geographical and physical conditions of a country, its territorial extent, the number and character of its population, and even its form of Government. It is a complex combination of advantages which has given sea power to Great Britain, and enabled her to overcome less fortunate rivals. Greed of gold lay at the root of the enterprise of Spain and Portugal. Neither country had any great output of manufactures or products, and the shipping necessary for the transport of a precious metal was relatively small—insufficient for the building up of real and lasting sea power. Holland suffered from her vulnerability to land-invasion; but also from the character of her people, of whom De Witt wrote:—"Never in time of peace and from fear of a rupture will they take resolutions strong enough to lead them to pecuniary sacrifices beforehand. . . Unless danger stares them in the face, they are indisposed to lay out money for their own defence." Sea power could not long be wielded by such a people, and after the peace of Utrecht the naval strength of Holland "steadily declined." France, "admirably situated for the possession of sea power," has made many efforts to grasp and retain it, but without lasting success.

During almost the whole period selected by Captain Mahan for review—1660 to 1783—the sea power of Great Britain "was by long odds the chief

among the issue." I studies de the naval the Napo As Crecy written so the P shadowed tion, not of the na concerne

It is i convey a carefully Empire condition some oth Captain weaknes when co make a England tried; grasped in war, object of of sea from E to her need, v termini abunda

1. VICE War

2. COME Lon

3. A GI Co.

"VICE is the a allowed protr moves sembla to a co impers but w Wynto separa parts he inl most gains, How, sympa acquir heroin acter, he is her in poor a was d lead h that s the st wicke with mains want him, wife on hi natin heroin it is a Osmu aver do n

among the military factors that determined the final issue." It is to be hoped that he will continue his studies down to the end of the sailing-ship era, for the naval factor as a determining cause in the issues of the Napoleonic wars has been far too little regarded. As Crecy and Poitiers have left a far deeper mark on written history than Sluys and Espagnoles-sur-mer, so the Peninsula and Waterloo campaigns have overshadowed Nelson's triumphs in the popular imagination, notwithstanding that the results, in both cases, of the naval victories were, so far as Great Britain is concerned, incomparably the more important.

It is impossible, in the space of a brief review, to convey an adequate idea of a book which should be carefully studied by everyone to whom the British Empire means more than a mere phrase. All the conditions which gave sea power in the past, and some others, are on our side to-day. Colonies, as Captain Mahan shows, instead of being points of weakness, may become "the best of defences, and when combined with decided preponderance at sea, make a scattered and extensive empire, like that of England, secure." Steam is a new ally, as yet untried; but destined, if its great possibilities are grasped and the empire is prepared to utilise them in war, to confer new advantages. The cardinal object of Imperial policy must be the maintenance of sea power. Then, standing carefully aloof from European entanglements, and holding firmly to her dominion of the seas, Great Britain will, at need, wield a weapon whose vast power as a "determining influence" in war Captain Mahan has abundantly shown.

THREE NOVELS.

1. *VICE VALENTINE*. By L. Ashworth Taylor. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
2. *COME FORTH!* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. London: William Heinemann. 1890.
3. *A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE*. By L. T. Meade. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

"*VICE VALENTINE*" is a novel with a plot. The plot is the author's strong point, and the reader is never allowed to lose sight of it. The skeleton of the story protrudes everywhere; the poor thing moves, but moves with difficulty; scantily provided with the semblance of life, it climbs through a clever maze to a conventional climax. The heroine of the story impersonates another woman, a woman who is dead, but who is believed by her husband, Osmund Wynter, to be living. Osmund Wynter had been separated from his wife; in the seclusion of foreign parts he had never heard of her death, and when he inherited some property he wrote to make a most generous provision for her. So the heroine gains, sordidly gains, from her impersonation. How, then, are we to continue to feel any sympathy for a woman who stoops to fraud to acquire a fortune? The author is ready for us. The heroine has a brother, a youth with very little character, and such character as he has is very bad, but he is most useful as a motive-provider. Previous to her impersonation, the heroine's family had been poor and the brother had no chances in life. She was devoted to him, and thought that wealth might lead him to a higher morality, and it is for his sake that she commits the fraud. If ever in the course of the story the heroine does an especially impossible, wicked, or stupid thing, this brother is at hand with the necessary motive. Osmund Wynter remains in foreign parts, of course, until the plot wants him. As soon as he sees that the plot wants him, he returns promptly, to find that his real wife is dead, and that the heroine who is living on his property is an impostor. But she is a fascinating impostor; and, besides, who can blame a heroine for telling lies and committing fraud when it is all done to make her brother more moral? So Osmund Wynter does what any average hero of any average novel would have done in his place. We do not deny that the plot has a certain cleverness;

its improbabilities are often carefully veiled; the reader's interest in the story never absolutely dies. But a good architectural design is of little use when the building material and workmanship are indifferent. An ingenious plot does not make a novel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward are very good to the poor critic. They give him, in a prefatory note to "*Come Forth!*" an explanation of their spirit and purpose. From this we gather that although Jesus is one of the characters in this romance, and words and miracles are assigned to Him as seems good to the imagination of the authors, without regard to the record of the Gospels, no irreverence is intended. We frankly own that we are grateful for this note; we might otherwise have been mistaken enough to question the taste shown by such a romance. As it is, we can leave this point and pass to others. We may notice the richness and profusion of metaphorical expressions. "All went as smoothly as a canoe over a torrent," the authors write in one place. "Human forms were spilled into the water like beetles," is another specimen of their originality in this direction. Other expressions are less metaphorical, but not less original. "Jerusalem throbbed with the death of Lazarus" is a beautiful instance. We could quote others as original and as senseless, or nearly so. The hero of the story is Lazarus; the heroine is Zahara, the daughter of Annas who had been high priest. The sound of her name, we are told, seemed to Lazarus to scintillate. On another occasion the woman herself seemed to scintillate. Her form is compared to singing light and flying music. We regret that we did not know Zahara personally; description such as this must make her vivid and real to the meanest intelligence, but it would have been something to have known a woman who scintillated. Cats do it under certain circumstances, but the sound of their name never seems to scintillate. Lazarus loved Zahara, and his passion was returned. "He had her," the authors say on one page, "in his hungry arms." The sentence should be valuable to schoolmasters as an English instance of hypallage.

The prefatory note to this book closes with some words of gratitude for "the cordial critical assistance that we have received from the eminent Palestinian scholar, Professor John A. Paine, of the Metropolitan Museum of New York." On many of the pages we can see that Professor John A. Paine has been very useful; but there are times when we miss him. "Well, if she is a lamb, Hagaar is a considerable sheep," one of the characters remarks. A little cordial critical assistance seems to be badly wanted here. The expression is more suggestive of our own times and of New York than of a past age and the Holy Land. Why did not Professor John A. Paine strike it out?

And yet the book shows some talent. Its style is uneasy and unequal. A really happy expression is followed by a meaningless extravagance or a piece of sheer conventionality. Of the taste shown by the choice of the subject we say nothing, but the characters of the story are for the most part drawn with a certain skill, though the book has very little judgment and self-restraint.

"*A Girl of the People*" is a book for girls. We cannot say that in it the author is seen at her best. It is the story of a girl who is left motherless, and whose father is a drunkard. She has two lovers, a hero and a villain. The villain manages to get the hero imprisoned, and demands the hand of the heroine as the price of release. Of course the villain's machinations are defeated in the end. It is, on the whole, a dull, sentimental, improbable, melodramatic story, redeemed in places by clever touches in the delineation of character, but not nearly equal to some of the author's previous work. It is not likely to do any harm; girls may read it with safety, but we do not think that they will read it with very great interest. It seems to be almost entirely devoid of originality.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE late Bishop Rawle of Trinidad, who died eighteen months ago at the post of duty, was a man of great force of character, who accomplished, without any beating of drums, a remarkable work in the cause of religion and education, in the West Indies. He was a Cambridge man, and graduated in 1835 as Third Wrangler, and fourth in the first class of the Classical Tripos. He was the last representative in the male line of a family which had been settled near Boscastle, Cornwall, since the reign of Edward IV., and on his mother's side was related to Sir Humphrey Davy. After holding a Trinity Fellowship for several years, during which period he threw himself heartily into the work of his college, he was appointed in 1839 rector of Cheadle, in Staffordshire, where he remained for the next seven years, winning golden opinions from all classes of the people by his zeal in every good work. In the autumn of 1846 he was appointed Principal of Codrington College, Barbados, and many of his friends were inclined to think that by the acceptance of this position he had thrown away the chances of a distinguished career in the Church. His learning, humour, and ability as a preacher had not passed unnoticed, and one of his Cambridge friends probably summed up the general opinion on Rawle's "promotion" to the West Indies in the dry remark: "You don't want a razor to cut cabbages." Dr. Rawle himself, however, was far too modest a man to cherish the notion that he was about to be buried alive; and this book gives a most interesting and impressive picture of his busy and widely influential life at Barbados, and afterwards as first Bishop of Trinidad. For seventeen years he presided over this new and difficult diocese, and did much to consolidate and uplift the work of the Church in the West Indies. He was a man of great simplicity of life and charm of manner, and possessed wide sympathies and intellectual tastes, combined with a quite unepiscopal dislike of ecclesiastical pomp or display. When some of his admirers wished to present him with a pastoral staff, Bishop Rawle good-humouredly declined the offer, and added that some of his sheep were rather unruly, and he was afraid to accept the staff as it might tempt him to catch them by the horns, or lead him otherwise to correct them. A well-written record of a disinterested and unobtrusive life.

A large scientific work which has passed into its "fifteenth thousand" in the space of four years may be presumed to possess substantial merit, and no one who is at all competent to form an opinion on the subject is likely to deny that the popularity of that fascinating book, "The Story of the Heavens," is well deserved. Sir R. S. Ball is not merely one of the most distinguished of living astronomers, but also possesses to an enviable degree the faculty of inspiring others with enthusiasm for the pursuit to which he has devoted his life. Even the more abstruse problems of astronomy, when Sir Robert expounds them, grow suddenly luminous, and he renders his meaning obvious by simplicity of statement, as well as by apt illustration, which a child could understand. We are not aware of any popular work on astronomy which is at all comparable to this masterly and, at the same time, unpretending book. A number of coloured plates and other illustrations heighten the attraction of the volume.

The Rev. Arthur Male, an army chaplain, who saw active service in the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns, is responsible for an unsatisfactory book, entitled "Scenes Through the Battle Smoke." The narrative is written throughout in a faulty rhetorical strain, which quickly becomes tedious, especially as the author has apparently not taken the trouble to settle beforehand the outline of his self-imposed task. The book contains a record of many gallant deeds, and dimly "through the battle smoke" we gain passing glimpses of some familiar faces. But in spite of slight reminiscences of Lord Wolseley, Sir Havelock Allan, Sir Archibald Alison, and other well-known men of action, there is little in this bulky volume to arrest attention; whilst, as we have already hinted, the laboured grandiloquence of the style is distressing. We are surprised to find that Mr. Male, who in other respects seems to be a sensible as well as brave and kind-hearted man, clings to the absurd hope that Gordon is still living, and "in some far-away

land, beneath the Equator, fulfilling his Heaven-appointed mission to lift up the degraded peoples of Central Africa." The book is "profusely illustrated" in a sensational manner which is not out of keeping with the text.

A capital handbook dealing in an intelligible and practical fashion with every aspect of "Elementary Art Teaching" has just been prepared by Mr. Edward Taylor, president of the Midland Arts Club. For thirteen years Mr. Taylor has held the post of head-master of the Birmingham School of Art, and during that period he has of course had ample opportunities of studying the wants of young students. He believes that it is less difficult to teach drawing than to teach reading and writing, and he accordingly advocates the extension of this form of technical training to the infant school. Explicit directions are given concerning the most approved methods of teaching young pupils freehand drawing, geometry, elementary modelling, design, and the like, and by means of upwards of six hundred diagrams and illustrations, the counsels and hints which abound in the book are rendered still more clear. According to Ruskin, the excellence of an artist depends on refinement of perception and delicacy of drawing—which is the practical outcome of such a quality—can be taught. Mr. Taylor wisely protests against careless dash and showy but false work, in every shape and form. He contends that real delicacy exists in all true art—even in what seems at first sight but the roughest terra-cotta modelling. The outcome of Mr. Taylor's long and varied experience in elementary and advanced teaching, is that art education is possible to all. Like every successful man, he takes a broad and generous view of his vocation, and therefore we are not surprised to find that stress is laid in this ably written volume on the educational value in an intellectual, and even in a moral sense, of a knowledge of art. On every page of the book it is easy to trace the hand of an expert, and some of the advice which is given is so apt and shrewd that we hope it may be applied in other departments of school instruction.

"Three Addresses to Girls at School" is the title which Mr. Wilson, of Clifton College, gives to a slim volume of good advice. The book discusses in a manly and eminently suggestive fashion the aims and methods of intellectual culture and religious progress as they present themselves to right-minded and intelligent girl-students. Mr. Wilson lays stress on the necessity of keeping steadily in view a high ideal of duty and conduct, and with great delicacy as well as vigour of statement, he unfolds the possibilities of life and service amongst the class to which these wise and sympathetic words were originally addressed. It is refreshing to find in a volume like this, outspoken and searching words on the social responsibilities of wealth and culture. "You cannot dissociate yourselves from the labouring masses, and in particular from the women and girls of England. They are your sisters, and a blight and a curse rests on you if you ignore them, and grasp at all the pleasures and sweetness, and cultivation of your life, with no thought or toil for them." A little book of quite noteworthy discernment and power.

In less than two hundred pages Mr. H. F. Blandford, F.R.S.,—late meteorological reporter to the Government of India—has prepared "An Elementary Geography of India, Burma, and Ceylon," based on the same general plan as that adopted by Dr. Archibald Geikie in a companion volume on the physical conformation of the British Isles. The book is at once simple and scientific, and it is not merely well-written, but admirably arranged. No aspect of the subject appears to have been overlooked, and we are not aware of any text-book which gives in similar compass as vivid and interesting a summary of the whole field of inquiry. The volume is well illustrated, but it lacks an index.

ERRATUM.—"The Life and Times of St. Cyprian," and "The City of God," are the 35th and 37th and 38th volumes—not the 1st and 2nd volumes, as stated in our issue of the 27th ult.—of Griffith Farran & Co.'s "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature."

NOTICE.

—O—

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and Advertisements to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than THURSDAY morning.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| Yearly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | £1 8s. |
| Half-yearly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 14s. |
| Quarterly | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7s. |

* BISHOP RAWLE. A Memoir. By his Executors (George Mather, M.A., and Charles John Blagg). Portrait. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. Large crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS. By Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D. Illustrated. Fifteenth Thousand. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Company, Limited. Royal 8vo. (12s.)

SCENES THROUGH THE BATTLE SMOKE. By the Rev. Arthur Male. Illustrated. London: Dean & Son. Demy 8vo.

ELEMENTARY ART TEACHING: AN EDUCATIONAL AND TECHNICAL GUIDE FOR TEACHERS AND LEARNERS. By Edward R. Taylor. Diagrams and Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Demy 8vo.

THREE ADDRESSES TO GIRLS AT SCHOOL. By the Rev. J. M. Wilson, M.A., Head-Master of Clifton College. London: Percival & Co., King Street, Covent Garden. 12mo. (1s. 6d.)

AN ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA, BURMA, AND CEYLON. By Henry F. Blandford, F.R.S. Illustrated. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Globe 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THERE has been the accustomed outpouring of cant in the Ministerial Press on the subject of the escape of MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN from the Tipperary Police Court, in order that they may fulfil their engagement in America. Last week we published a statement from the pen of Mr. O'BRIEN which not only clearly indicated his resolve to fulfil that engagement if he possibly could, but intimated with perfect precision his intention to return to the jurisdiction of the Court so soon as his task in the United States was at an end. If our daily contemporaries, both Liberal and Conservative, had consulted Mr. O'BRIEN's article, they would have been able to lead public opinion on the subject much more clearly and correctly than it has been their lot to do during the past week. It is a pity that, having Mr. O'BRIEN's words before them, they should have speculated as to his possible intentions instead of telling their readers what the readers of THE SPEAKER knew from the first.

THE "plain facts" of the case may be stated with perfect simplicity. Neither Mr. O'BRIEN nor Mr. DILLON could possibly feel any moral respect for the tribunal before which they were arraigned at Tipperary, a tribunal discredited alike by its composition and its mode of procedure. They knew further that the real object of their prosecution at the present moment was to prevent their keeping their engagements in America. Mr. BALFOUR, under pretence of vindicating the law, had played a very unsavoury trick at their expense. That being the case, they believed—and believed rightly—that they were entitled to outwit him if they could; and they have done so most successfully. As to the silly talk about their having "fled to escape punishment," it is absolutely and consciously false on the part of those who use it. Both Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN mean to come back and take the punishment to which Mr. BALFOUR and his agents intend to subject them. They know further that by carrying out their visit to America they incur the risk of having that punishment seriously aggravated. They have taken this risk cheerfully, believing it to be their duty to carry out their mission in the United States. To miscall them "cowards," as the *Standard* in a spasm of imbecile fury has done, is ridiculous. Even those who do not agree with their views about Home Rule ought to be able to see that their action is that of heroes.

SINCE their arrival in Paris on Thursday morning the two Irish members have repeated the explanation of their conduct which was given by Mr. O'BRIEN in these pages last week. Their trip across the Channel was a somewhat perilous one, a fact which it is rather absurd for their enemies in the Press to attempt to turn to ridicule. The really ridiculous figure in connection with this latest incident in Irish history is the absentee Chief Secretary, who has met with the most crushing defeat he has yet sustained in his blundering career as a "firm and resolute" administrator of Irish affairs—from a distance—and who cannot but feel that he has a personal responsibility for that defeat, from which he would have been free if he had been

doing his duty in Ireland, instead of passing his time in Scotland, when he ventured to throw down his challenge to the National party. Even Mr. BALFOUR's airy cynicism is not proof against the stern logic of facts. MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN might still have escaped if he had been at his post in Dublin; but at all events in such a case no one could have connected this latest defeat of the Government with the Chief Secretary's neglect of his plain duty.

THOUGH shorn of much of their interest by the departure of MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN, the Tipperary trials continue to present useful lessons in the policy of the Government and the capacity of "removable" magistrates. Having refused to expunge Mr. O'MAHONY's name from the indictment, Mr. RONAN suddenly proposed that course after the illness of Mr. O'MAHONY had caused several adjournments. Mr. HEALY urged that the withdrawal of the charge against one defendant in a case of conspiracy invalidated the procedure against the rest. That may not count for much as a point of law, but Mr. RONAN announced that he intended to use the evidence against Mr. O'MAHONY to incriminate the other defendants. This is stretching the law of conspiracy with a vengeance. But Mr. SHANNON must have received some private drill in discretion, for though he refused to allow Mr. HARRINGTON to ask whether a constable was "what is popularly known as a shadow," he did not venture even to demur when Mr. REDMOND put precisely the same question.

MORE trouble with Portugal appears to be brewing. The Ministerial crisis at Lisbon was ended by reports from Mozambique to the effect that British gunboats had forcibly entered the Zambesi, and that a British expedition had invaded territory assigned by the Convention to Portugal. This information, which seems about as trustworthy as Portuguese news from Africa usually is, was at least useful to the despairing Cabinet-makers at Lisbon, and a new Ministry has been formed. The existence of this Government is likely to be precarious, for it is announced that LORD SALISBURY will be asked to modify the Convention in the interests of Portugal.

ENGLAND and Italy are unable to agree as to the future of Kassala. By a touch of that irony to which diplomatists are not sensitive, Kassala is not in the possession of either Power, but is held by people who will offer a fierce resistance to both. England suggested that the Italians might take Kassala on the distinct understanding that it should be restored to Egypt when the Egyptians were in a position to renew their authority in the Soudan. This contingency is sufficiently remote, but the proposal was not good enough for Italy, and the negotiations have ended for the present with excellent temper on both sides. It is argued that LORD SALISBURY could not very well surrender a portion of the Khedive's nominal dominions, and SIR SAMUEL BAKER maintains that Kassala is the key to Berber, and that when we get these strategic points we can snap our fingers at Khartoum. It does not seem to have occurred to the Italians to propose that if they occupy Kassala they shall hold it till the British evacuate Egypt.

THE great Australian strike has reached a critical point. SIR HENRY PARKES says it is "almost as disastrous as a bombardment." The efforts to bring about a conference between the employers and the strikers have so far proved abortive, the employers being apparently convinced that their combination must prove victorious. An appeal has been made to the working men of London to send £20,000 to help their brethren in the colonies. The Executive of the London Trades' Council have not taken the responsibility of recommending this step, but a special meeting of the Council is to be held next week to consider the matter. The letter which we publish on another page from our Melbourne correspondent gives a very clear and comprehensive account of the origin and earlier incidents of the great struggle.

THE literature of politics has been enriched this week by the publication of the two concluding volumes of MR. LECKY's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." These have been awaited with some curiosity to see how far MR. LECKY would reconcile his present views of the Irish Question with his vigorous indictment of the Union twenty years ago, and his distinct deliverance in favour of Home Rule. Both parties in the great conflict have been preparing to find weapons in MR. LECKY's volumes, and there is unquestionably an armoury for all. MR. LECKY still condemns the means by which the Union was passed, but he lays stress on the suggestion that "the disloyal element" would invade an Irish Legislature, and make self-government dangerous to the integrity of the Empire. This looks like an after-thought of the historian who dislikes the National League. On the other hand, MR. LECKY says of "the strongest argument for hurrying on the Union," that "when all due weight is assigned to it, it does not appear to me to have justified the policy of PITT."

WE deal elsewhere with MR. GLADSTONE's important article in *Subjects of the Day*, but we may say here that it furnishes a powerful reply to the Unionist argument which closes MR. LECKY's history. On this it is sufficient for the moment to remark, that the historian who charges statesmen with shameless apostasy because they have adopted the opinions once enforced by himself, and who laments that Ireland cannot be governed like India, has a very small claim to influence the judgment of his countrymen.

THE funeral of MRS. BOOTH on Tuesday was preceded by an impressive ceremonial at Olympia on Monday evening. Enormous crowds watched the procession at every point of the march to Abney Park Cemetery; and though there was some confusion owing to the fog, the attitude of the spectators was respectful and sympathetic. A few years ago it would have been impossible for the Salvation Army to make such a demonstration without exciting the active hostility of the rougher elements of the London mob. The change in the popular feeling is a tribute to the humanising influence of GENERAL BOOTH's propaganda.

THE proceedings of the Socialist Congresses at Halle and Calais are not at present very interesting reading. Personal disputes—from which the more advanced section appears to have come out considerably the worse—were the chief feature of the former, and the rest of the time has been taken up by rather dull speeches on the Socialist programme and prospects, by rejoicings over the downfall of the Socialist Law, and by a large smoking concert diver-

sified by *tableaux vivants*. The Calais Congress might be expected to possess more actuality, in view of the strike now in progress. But the only noticeable feature as yet has been a speech from DR. AVELING, whom the Nottingham lacemakers have sent as their delegate. Both Congresses seem likely to pass resolutions pointing to the adoption of May 1 as a regular festival. The German Socialists announce their intention of absorbing the small groups in the Reichstag—the Alsatians, Danes, and Poles—a consummation, of course, rendered less likely by that relaxation of repressive measures which they are now celebrating.

THE coming week will be one of special activity in the political world. To-day MR. BALFOUR, who was entertained at dinner last night by the Tories of Newcastle-on-Tyne, will address a public meeting in that city; and MR. MORLEY will follow him at a very brief interval. MR. GLADSTONE starts on Monday for Scotland, in good health and high spirits, once more to raise the standard of Liberalism on the historic field of Midlothian. Other speeches of importance are expected during the week, and it is clear that the political recess is now at an end.

THE Imperial Bank of Germany on Saturday last raised its rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent., and consequently it was feared that gold might be withdrawn from the Bank of England for Berlin. Therefore, some apprehension existed that on Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England would raise their rate to 6 per cent. But they did not do so. Apparently they have satisfied themselves that withdrawals will not take place. They refuse to sell bar gold, or foreign coin; and as it is more expensive to take sovereigns they seem to think that those will not be withdrawn. Possibly also they know that the Berlin bankers are anxious not to increase the uneasiness already prevailing here. During the week ending Wednesday night Russian gold coin amounting to £428,000 was transmitted from Paris to London, and altogether the Bank of England increased its coin and bullion by considerably over half a million. In the outside market the bill-brokers are disinclined to take bills, and they have been charging from 5 to 5½ per cent. The larger joint-stock and private banks, too, are co-operating with the Bank of England to keep up rates. If they continue to do so, and if there are not withdrawals for Berlin, it may be possible to avoid raising the Bank rate to 6 per cent.

THOUGH the Bank rate has not been changed, there is no improvement in the feeling of the City. On Wednesday morning it was so bad that panic seemed almost imminent. Suddenly, however, there was a change, and it appeared as if the worst was over. But about mid-day on Thursday, alarmist rumours began once more to circulate, and prices again gave way. One would suppose that the reckless way in which mischievous rumours are set afloat would show to everybody that they are made current for improper purposes. For the moment men have lost their heads, and however palpably absurd a report may be it has an effect. No doubt much has happened of late to excite apprehension. Since the fortnightly settlement began on Wednesday of last week, eight members of the Stock Exchange have been declared defaulters, another has had to close all his accounts, and two or three others, it is said, have had to get assistance; while another firm has to be wound up, though not in consequence of operations on the London Stock Exchange. Further, a large house not represented in the Stock Exchange has had to liquidate its accounts, and it is understood that others are embarrassed.

NO CANT.

FEW expressions could be more ludicrously inappropriate than the description of the disappearance of the two principal defendants at Tipperary, as a flight from "justice." Constables, batons, magistrates—removable at the pleasure of the Chief Secretary—all these abound, but whatever else there may be at Tipperary, justice is not there, nor even a decently draped simulacrum of justice. The Coercion Court is legal, but it is unconstitutional, and it is at variance alike with the letter and the spirit of the solemn engagements entered into at the Union. It is morally entitled to just so much respect and observance from Irishmen as it can extort, and no more. The suppression of a jury in a trial for conspiracy on such a scale as this, is an invasion of private rights and civil equality, which the victim of such a process is morally at liberty to resent by all means within the limits of sense and discretion. But the unconstitutional foundation of the Coercion Court on this occasion is not all. With curious perversity the Government seat upon the bench a magistrate who has recently been in active personal collision with some of the men whom he is now set to try, and whose conduct in transactions connected with the very matter of the trial was vigorously impeached in the House of Commons no further back than May last by one of the men now before him. What respect can a tribunal, founded upon an exceptional repressive statute, and manned in such gross violation of every consideration of equity and fair play, reasonably claim, either from men brought before it or from anybody else in the civilised or uncivilised world? In England we have a right to think as ill as we please of anybody who chooses to set a court at defiance, because in England such a scandal as the nomination of an executive officer to pronounce judicially on matters in which he is not himself unconcerned, has long been utterly impossible. But it is childish to apply the standard that is happily become just and reasonable in England to a country where the administration of justice is what we see it to be in Ireland. It is childish, and if the people who talk in this way would give the matter two minutes of honest consideration, they would realise that all such talk is cant and nothing but cant. Take what happened in the matter of the charges of assault against the police last week. The case was in effect a charge of indiscretion and excess of force against a resident magistrate. An ordinary charge of this kind would be heard by the ordinary justices of the peace, with the one resident magistrate of the district sitting among them, and with no more power than any of the rest. What happens here, where an R.M. is charged, and the constabulary are charged? Five resident magistrates come swooping down on the bench, elbow aside the three ordinary justices, and one of them—himself an ex-constabulary officer as well as an R.M.—takes the chair and rules this or that as to the admissibility of evidence, without consulting anybody's opinion but his own. It is simple enough for candid friends in easy-chairs to write about the antics of Irishmen who scornfully walk out of a court of this kind; but antics can sometimes only be met by antics, and if the English public is to be relieved from tiresome antics, *que messieurs les assassins commencent*—let the Irish Government begin.

The worst of despotisms is that they so invariably find themselves forced to do such shabby things; and that very sorry despotism, the present Government of Ireland, has hardly done a shabbier thing in its shabby history than to institute proceedings at Tipperary months after date, and then to set to

work to spin them out for weeks upon weeks, at the very moment when two of the leading Irishmen had taken passages for America. If the Government complain of the incident, they have themselves to thank. They should have issued their warrants earlier, and framed their indictments more promptly. Why should the two Irish members allow work which they regard as of the highest importance to be baulked? What deference can any sensible man pretend that they owe to the engine which has been set in motion to stop them? If they are prepared to face the penalties that may await them on their re-appearance in the United Kingdom, and if they count those penalties as unimportant compared with the objects of their visit to America, they know their own business, and are the best judges of their own policy. There is every reason to believe that they expected the conviction and sentence in the Coercion Court—for conviction and sentence in those courts are foregone conclusions—would be completed in time to allow them to pay a flying visit to America before returning for the appeal to the County Court judge. The merciless length of the opening for the Crown closed the door to any such prospect. There was the possibility, however, that the Coercion Court, instead of imposing a sentence, might require bail to be of good behaviour, with immediate imprisonment in the certain case of refusal to find bail. How all this may be, we do not know, nor do we at all care. In face of such tactics as those of the Irish Government since the day of "firm and resolute government" dawned, it is idle pedantry to blame the two Irishmen for consulting their own convenience and their own public objects, without much reverence for the convenience of a court whose moral and constitutional title to jurisdiction they in principle repudiate.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TORY HOUSEHOLDER.

ON the eve of his Midlothian campaign, Mr. Gladstone has given indisputable proof of his sanguine spirit, and the vigour and variety of his resources. His appeal to the Tory householder in *Subjects of the Day* shows his unshaken confidence in the power of persuasion, even when it is addressed to the most unpromising quarter. At this moment the Tory householder is adjured by his leaders to prepare for a desperate rally against a disintegration which is none the less embarrassing because it is generally denied. What Sir William Houldsworth, a wire-puller of no mean experience, mournfully described as "slippage" in his candid epistle to a friend in British Columbia, is a source of ill-disguised alarm to the Tory caucus. The Ministerial majority has been reduced by one-third already. "Slippage" is doing its deadly work in the bye-elections, and if Mr. Gladstone can induce the Tory householder to "think," the first idea of that excellent but muddle-headed citizen may be that the most patriotic resistance to Home Rule does not save the Tory party from creeping paralysis. That party, says Mr. Gladstone, "seems to be like the victim of insomnia, who turns from side to side upon his bed in search of sleep, but cannot find it." It would be delightful, no doubt, to drop off into a good sound slumber, and dream that the Unionists are carrying everything before them, that Ireland is tranquil, and, best of all, that Mr. Gladstone is no more. But that terrible "slippage" would keep any Tory householder awake, however regular his habits and excellent his digestion. And so far from betaking himself to another world, here

is the Liberal leader, full of hope, full of power, dismissing the Dissident Liberals with concise contempt to "the political Underworld," and showing that after four years of the "firm government" which is to "reverse all the currents of the national life of Ireland, the current runs precisely as before, and Ireland's antagonists are still standing on the bank, like the rustic who waited for the river to have done flowing." That is not an agreeable picture for the Tory householder. Nor can he be much gratified by the reminder that though he dreads Radicalism, he persists "in securing for it within the walls of Parliament eighty-five Irish allies, who must be Radical as long as they are nationally discontented." These are practical considerations which are well within the scope of the Tory householder's mind, and which will not cease to trouble him even while he scoffs at Mr. Gladstone's declaration that Home Rule "should be carried by the Tories, because they can do it with our help (which they know that they would have) more easily and rapidly than we can."

Perhaps it is useless to expect the Tory householder to be affected by the historical argument that the upper classes have opposed every reform in the present century. There is an incurable love of a duke in the Tory soul, and to tell the Conservative shopkeeper that "all the dukes" are on the wrong side, will scarcely carry conviction to the mind which is prepared to worship a customer with a coronet. But the Tory householder is always alive to the argument of pounds, shillings, and pence, and this is employed by Mr. Gladstone with masterly ease. To govern Ireland very badly costs three times as much per head as it does to govern England tolerably well. It cannot be said that Ireland gets any compensation in the shape of a proportionate share of our prosperity. In 1855 Ireland's share of the assessment of income tax was "at the modest proportion of one in thirteen." In 1888 the proportion was one in seventeen. This fact disposes of all the elaborate statistical tables which Mr. Macartney produces in *Subjects of the Day* to show that Ireland has prospered under the Union. The question is not whether the Irish are better off than they were a century ago, but whether their share in the general prosperity of the kingdom is a fair proportion or a declining quantity. Having delivered his soul ineffectually on the financial point, Mr. Macartney exposes the Tory householder to a worse disappointment. Four years ago the Tories were assured that Home Rule meant religious persecution in Ulster, and Mr. Chamberlain was desperately concerned about the Protestant minority scattered over the south and west of Ireland. But now Mr. Macartney is by no means anxious to press this argument, and Mr. Gladstone's quotation from an Irish Unionist writer, who says the Presbyterians outside Ulster "have been treated with kindness by the great mass of the population," ought to relieve us from the burden of Mr. Chamberlain's spiritual misgivings. Mr. Macartney is content to assert that it would be "inexpedient to establish a separate Legislative Chamber" in Ireland, because "the geographical situation, the natural circumstances of the country, the openings afforded to its surplus population by the extending dominion of the British Empire, are to us powerful and convincing arguments in favour of the closest possible connection." This, then, is the sediment of the Unionist case, after all the fluid of invective and false rhetoric has been drawn off. We do not think so meanly of the Tory householder as to suppose that even he will fail to understand that Home Rule cannot alter a geographical situation, and that when an Irish Parliament is established, there will be just as many

openings in the British Empire for the employment of "surplus" Irishmen as there are now.

It is a favourite Tory assumption that the Irish are naturally criminal, and this idea may survive Mr. Gladstone's figures, which show that the committals for crime in Ireland make a considerably smaller total in proportion to population than those in Great Britain. But the Tory householder can grasp the suggestion that "we should reduce by one-fourth the load that is pressing our Parliament to the ground, could we get rid of Irish affairs." There is nothing abstruse in Mr. Clancy's demonstration that the root of the mischief in Ireland is the administration of the country by nine Government Boards, every member of which is nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant, who is responsible only to the leader of his party. This is the system which has "protected" Mr. Macartney's friends, the "loyal" minority, for the last ninety years, and which is absolutely inconsistent with our democratic Constitution. This is the principle that is irreconcilable with the nationality for which Mr. Lecky demanded twenty years ago the satisfaction which he now denounces. We are told by the historian of the eighteenth century that it is the misfortune of Ireland to be drawn into "the vortex of English politics;" and yet he champions a policy which perpetuates that mischief. Mr. Lecky admits that the "loyal" minority have lost all faculty of political leadership, and yet he insists that Ireland shall be governed exclusively in their interests. He says it would be folly to entrust social order to the Nationalists, and yet he puts his faith in a wide diffusion of landed property, which must inevitably strengthen the popular party. Never did a writer of history, who has turned his back upon his principles, involve himself in such pitiful contradictions, and grope about for such feeble shifts. The strength of Mr. Gladstone's case lies as much in the growing embarrassment of his opponents as in his undaunted assertion of the great truth, that the Englishman must "examine English principles and traditions, and apply them to Ireland exactly as, if the tables were turned, he would like to have them applied to and for himself."

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND will be much in people's minds in this coming week, and the question of disestablishment in particular is certain to attract special attention. Under an extended franchise the political mind has been modified in Scotland as well as elsewhere. That country is at least as Radical as it ever was, and yet the subject-matter of its political interest is different. With the monopoly of the old-fashioned middle-class Liberal, certain topics have ceased to be burning ones. The abolition of entails was once looked on as a sort of be-all and end-all in land law reform. Nowadays everyone agrees that entails ought to disappear, and no one expects much result from the disappearance. So it is with the Established Church. There is, what there never was before among Scottish Liberals, a general agreement that an unjustifiable anomaly must be got rid of, and that, at the same time, the matter is not one the pros and cons of which can be expected to move profoundly anybody's mind. Such, at least, is the impression left on the impartial observer by a perusal of the reports of the public meetings on the subject. There have been few demonstrations of enthusiasm over the last addition made to the official programme by the Liberal leader.

But neither has there been the slightest indication

of disapproval or reluctance. Laymen's Leagues and Church Defence Associations are being formed in most parts of the country. They meet with no response from the people. They resolve themselves into committee meetings, and somewhat small committee meetings, of Conservatives and Unionist Liberals. They simply afford fresh evidence that the now old-fashioned Dissenters, who have left the Liberal party, as the events have shown, on many matters besides Home Rule, did so in virtue of a mental disposition which inclines them to add to the topics of dissidence. They prove, what shrewd observers had already concluded, that on the subject of Disestablishment Scottish Liberals have long ago made up their minds, and that the real battle was fought out in 1885. The diagnosis of the situation seems to be that the special status which one of the three Presbyterian denominations at present possesses, and the legal privilege which leaves it in possession of certain national property, are considered by Liberals to have ceased to be nowadays capable of justification, if, indeed, they ever were so; while on its religious side the question is regarded as no longer of absorbing general interest or importance. When there were privileged classes, who had a monopoly of political power, it was, at all events, not unnatural that there should be a privileged religious denomination. The monopoly of the first has been given up. Why should not that of the second likewise cease to be? No one can pretend that the spiritual necessities of the time require State aid for religion in Scotland. At least as good men left the Establishment in 1843 as remained in it. And the successors of Chalmers, Buchanan, Candlish, and Guthrie have shown that Presbyterians can not only, on a purely voluntary basis, maintain their Church in affluence and activity, but maintain it in such a condition that it attracts to itself a ministry and congregations of a culture and social position in every point equal to that of the State Church. No one who really knows the present position of the colleges and churches of the Free and United Presbyterian denominations will question this proposition; and it is significant that in the whole course of the controversy which has now raged for many years, no single attempt has been made to challenge it. Not only are the professors and clergy of these two great dissenting bodies as well endowed as their established neighbours, but they are also their rivals in learning and in influence. However reluctant a Scotchman may be to part with his money and esteem to other persons, he grudges neither to the guardians of his spiritual interests. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that there is no analogy in this respect between the question as it presents itself in England, and the form which it assumes in Scotland. It has been abundantly proved that there religion can flourish, some say can best flourish, on a voluntary basis, and it is natural that many of those who are most keen about its interests should conclude that there is a gross absence of economy in a state of things in which three Churches, which profess similar doctrines and contain similar people, are kept in rivalry by the maintenance of an abstract principle, when they might evidently be united in its absence.

But there is a yet deeper reason why Scotland should be comparatively little moved by the question. The abstract side of religious controversy is distinctly less interesting to men's minds than was once the case. The memories of the Claim of Right and the old Disruption topics which used to agitate the whole country are fading away. It would be rash even to suggest that the people are less religious than they once were, but certainly they are more political. The new electorate has, unlike

that which it succeeded, been brought up mainly on controversial matter of the latter description. And thus it comes about that a large number of the Established Church people are keen Liberals, whose dislike of privilege overrides their love for the academic advantages of their denomination. They do not desire to yield anything to other denominations. If the issue were between the spirit of their own and the Evangelicism of the Free Church, they might possibly be moved to make a struggle for the maintenance of the *status quo*. But they know that no such issue arises. And they hate the cant about the State religion, which abounds in the mouths of a Tory party, nearly all the leading members of which are Episcopalians.

Mr. Gladstone's coming pronouncement will be of great interest. But it is not for the reasons for severing the connection between Church and State that the Scottish people wait for his words. These reasons have been recognised for some time past. It is on the question what is to be done with the quarter of a million a year of teinds which will gradually be set free as the result of Disendowment. Two things appear to be clear. This burden on the land cannot be extinguished for the benefit of the landlords or the teind-owners. Nor can the Liberal party consent to the money being dedicated afresh to the purposes of religious endowment, as some old-fashioned Disestablishers seem to desire. So far as can be gathered from the speeches of members and candidates, there seems to be a feeling that the opportunity has come for the creation of a national system of higher education which shall bridge the gap between the elementary schools and the universities. This proposal has at least the merit of considering the interests of those who are to come as well as those of the present generation. The duty of doing so is one which is apt to be overlooked. Certainly, Mr. Gladstone has a delicate and difficult duty in the performance of the task that lies before him. The precedent of the Irish Church surplus is one which points to a heavy responsibility on those who follow it now. The national property has to be turned to the greatest national advantage. And this requires that it should be dealt with by a definite scheme which will prevent it from being frittered away. There should be no real difficulty in using it as the means whereby some blessing of a permanent nature may be conferred on the people of Scotland.

COLD COMFORT.

THE political article in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* has no particular literary merit, but it is worth turning to for a few minutes as a specimen of the chaff and husks with which the more academic section of dissenters are content to fill their interiors. Some dissenters are pedantic, while others are rabid; and it is hard to tell which of the two sets has more completely lost the faculty of political vision. The pedantic set corresponds most nearly to the Orleanists in French politics—talkers, hopelessly ignorant of the real currents of feeling in their country, dupes of phrases, blinded by conceit, living on illusions, profoundly and incurably impotent. The *Edinburgh* fairly represents them and their poor stock-in-trade. It will very shortly be five years since the schism took place in the ranks of the Liberal party, yet at the end of five years the dissentient pedant has nothing newer to tell us than that Mr. Gladstone has shattered the party, that his followers are a bundle of heterogeneous

atoms, that the old "steadying element" has disappeared from Liberalism, that the most beneficent of governments is paralysed by obstructive tactics: and all the rest of the stale stuff which is retailed from Primrose platforms, and there does well enough, but which is really not good enough to serve up to the secluded *élite* who study quarterly periodicals. "The chief characteristic of the present House of Commons has been the *independent* action of Liberal Unionists." Was there ever so misplaced a word? The unfortunate men have found themselves chained fast to the wheel of the Tory car; and the reception of Mr. Courtney's semi-plaintive exhortations the other day to his friends to prod their Tory allies, shows plainly enough how instinctively these independents hug their chains. The *Spectator* is shaken with alarm at the bare thought of the mischief that the prodding process would be likely to do. Mr. Chamberlain, in the best speech he ever made in his life, tried to prod Ministers in the direction of Irish local government, but Ministers took no more notice than if the wind had blown down the chimney, and his independent words were followed as usual by unconscionably dependent action.

As singular as the Reviewer's self-flattery as to the action of his little group in the past, is his hallucination as to the state of things in the present. "A great organisation has grown up," he tells us, "with ramifications in almost every constituency, formed of Liberal electors pledged to their old faith of redressing grievances," etcetera, etcetera—but Liberal Unionists in short. Now the Tory managers know, just as well as Liberal managers, that this great organisation, with its glittering ramifications, is pure moonshine. The thing has been a mere name, a phantom, which the Tories value very little, and the Liberals do not fear at all. In the same vein of complacency, we are assured that in spite of the tremendous efforts being made to rouse the spirits of the Opposition, the country remains "singularly calm." "How different is the quiescent state of the public mind at present from the feverish condition which preceded for a couple of years the General Election of 1880!" Those whose business it is to keep a finger on the popular pulse have a very different impression from the recluse of the *Edinburgh*, and the Tories agree with him no more than the Liberals. All practical politicians, acquainted with the real workings of things, and with experience of the state of the constituencies eleven years ago, declare that the temperature of political interest of to-day is even higher than it was during the few years before the great victory of 1880. The Reviewer calls that condition "feverish;" we should prefer to describe it as keen, alert, sharp-set, resolute; and we do not care to grudge the same adjectives to our opponents. We will admit that they are as keen and as excited to-day, in their new capacity of Unionists, as they were in their old character as Jingo; for Unionist, after all, is but Jingo differently spelt. Be that as it may, feeling runs higher, passion is more intense, interest is sharper, care for the great issue is deeper, even than it was in 1878-9. The crowds and the ardour of public meetings show it—on both sides, if you will have it so. The excitement about every bye-election shows it. But, of course, men in their studies know none of these things, and are not at all anxious to know them. The same men were in the same frame of mind and the same ignorance before 1880. The *Edinburgh* and the *Times* wrote about Mr. Gladstone, and the utter failure of the Midlothian speeches, and the "singular calm" and apathy of the constituencies in 1878-9, just as they write now. They keep one another warm or tepid

with their fatuities; and if fatuities pass the time pleasantly for them between now and the day of the General Election, why not?

One sign, and one only, of penetration and foresight do we discern. The writer sees, though he is not very ready to express it, that the Dissentients must at a near date be fused in the greater organisation to which they have made themselves parasitic. He refers to the famous junction of the Dissident Whigs of a century ago with Mr. Pitt and the Tories. "As one of them put it at the end of 1792, 'Our wish is not to join *Ministry*, but to support *Government* in a separate body.' For a time this went on, the views of the Dissentients being unofficially ascertained by the Cabinet, just as at the present time no very important Ministerial action is taken without previous consultation with Lord Hartington. In July, 1794, the Dissentients joined the Ministry of Mr. Pitt." The Reviewer expects the same thing to happen now, and to see "Lord Hartington, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain sitting side by side on the Ministerial front bench." But he forgets one great flaw in his historical analogy. "The Parliamentary Dissident Whigs of those days represented a great mass of external public opinion." And this is just what the modern Dissident does not. Tories the elector knows, and Liberals he knows; but what is a Dissident Liberal who always votes with the Tory?

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER POLICY.

TO meddle and muddle seems to be the unflinching portion of the Englishman when the affairs of the Soudan are in question. Of the mistakes which were made when Mr. Gladstone was in office in dealing with that vast territory there is no need to speak here, unless it be to renew our protest against the trick of Ministerial writers, who persist in making Mr. Gladstone solely responsible for a policy, the chief part in which was borne by the men who are now the leaders of the Liberal Unionist party. But how comes it that, at this time of day, and with all the knowledge gained from the bitter experience of the past, Lord Salisbury should be bent upon perpetuating the record of our blunders in the Soudan? We cannot see that any excuse can be offered for the breakdown of the negotiations at Naples. Even if Italy were not Italy—if she were not, that is to say, a country which enjoys the confidence and the affection of England, which has profited greatly in the past by the protection extended to her in the most critical moments of the new kingdom by English statesmen, and which has shown that she is not incapable of genuine gratitude towards those who have thus helped her—the claim she has set forth to the possession of Kassala would still seem to be unimpeachable. We are told—it is the only reason alleged for the withdrawal of Sir Evelyn Baring from the negotiations—that we cannot allow Kassala to be occupied by Italy, because it forms a portion of the Egyptian territory, and consequently of the territory of the Porte. It is hardly surprising that the Italians, who know that we are the masters of Egypt, disposing of her fortunes and even of her territory as we list, cannot understand the subtle distinction which we make with regard to Kassala, or the new-born zeal on behalf of the integrity and independence of that portion of the Ottoman Empire which is subject to the rule of the Khedive, that leads us to refuse to sanction the alienation from Egyptian authority of a city in which that authority has for years past been a dead letter.

What is surprising is that the Italian Press and

Ministry should have acquiesced with so little show of anger in what is unquestionably a very unneighbourly proceeding on the part of this country. When we remember that England not only compelled Egypt to abandon the Soudan, but that she cordially acquiesced in, if she did not actually invite, the Italian occupation of Massowah, which is just as much part of Egyptian territory as Kassala, we see how entirely hollow is the pretence that we cannot assent to the occupation of the last-named place out of regard to the rights and the *amour propre* of the Khedive. We have allowed Italy to take a great deal, not only without a word of remonstrance, but with many words of positive approval on our part; now that she wishes to take one point more, in order that she may enjoy some kind of security in the territory for which she has become responsible, we meet her with a point-blank refusal on a pretext which is unreal and hypocritical. Nor is our conduct made any better by the fact that Italy was quite willing to abandon her petition for the possession of Kassala, provided Egypt would undertake to garrison that place herself. Of course, Egypt will not do so, nor will England. We have had enough of Soudan expeditions for a long time to come; and neither financial affairs on the banks of the Nile nor public opinion on the banks of the Thames will allow of any attempt being made to recapture Kassala from its present masters, the Soudanese dervishes. But what a dog-in-the-manger policy ours is thus seen to be on our own showing! We will not occupy Kassala ourselves, nor will we permit Egypt to occupy it; but when Italy, for her own safety, wishes to do so, we protest that we cannot agree to the proposal, inasmuch as it would be an interference with the inviolability of Egyptian territory!

What is the real reason?—for nobody can believe in the validity of that which is alleged. We fear it is to be found in one word—money. The notion that the place is of strategical importance to us, if we should ever return to the Soudan, is one which every military authority will scout. Sir Samuel Baker's opinion on the subject is, indeed, quoted with joy in some quarters; but, great traveller as he is, Sir Samuel knows nothing of military strategy. But somebody has discovered—we believe erroneously—that the possession of Kassala means money for the possessor; and so, though we cannot hold it ourselves, we feel bound to prevent the Italians from taking it. This is the secret of the discreditable failure of the negotiations at Naples. It is believed that Kassala may become an important trade centre, and that if it falls into the hands of the Italians they will be able to divert some of that trade with the Soudan which we enjoy spasmodically at Suakin, when the policy of "starving out the dervishes" is temporarily abandoned. It is difficult to find words in which to denounce with sufficient strength so mean and selfish a policy as this. No doubt it is a bitter thing to feel that, whereas we have failed utterly in the attempt to establish friendly relations with the natives around Suakin, the Italians are now getting on very comfortably at Massowah. But that this should influence us in negotiations with a friendly Power, which has certainly not been over-grasping in its attempts to share in the scramble for Africa, is hardly credible. For our part we do not believe in the importance of Kassala as a trade centre to England or Egypt, whilst no one can deny its strategical importance to Italy. In these circumstances, and after the great surrender of genuine trade interests which Lord Salisbury has made to Germany, our manner of dealing with the Italian claims furnishes an instance of the dog-in-the-manger policy of which we have all reason to feel very heartily ashamed.

LORD ROSEBERY'S INFLUENCE IN SCOTLAND.

LORD ROSEBERY has long been known as an accomplished citizen of the world. His acceptance last week of the freedom of Glasgow makes him emphatically *the* citizen of Scotland. The graceful and suggestive little speech he made, when returning thanks for the honour done him by the greatest municipality north of the Tweed, indicates to some extent the secret of his popularity and power. In that speech he emphasised not only the usefulness, but the dignity of municipal life. Since he entered upon his public career he has been distinguished by the warmth of his patriotism—his attachment to Scotland as a nationality, and not simply as an active member of the copartnership of the United Kingdom, much less as "the knuckle-end of England." But his saving common-sense and his humour have prevented this patriotism from developing into political hysteria or historical farce. He has advocated what he has very happily styled "the self-respect of race;" but he has never advocated the self-conceit of race. Lord Rosebery has always, moreover, recognised in the middle-class of Scotland—which is equivalent to what in England is rather invidiously termed the sub-middle class—the backbone of its patriotism. Believers in heredity may, if they choose, trace this recognition to the blood which flows in his veins. The true founder of his family was, according to legend, not a satellite of the Conqueror or a leader of Border brigands, but Duncan Prymrois, who appears to have been an active member of the once powerful Scotch guild or trade-union of hammermen, and who, after the manner of most Scotch fathers in *bourgeois* life, sent his son to college. That son became an eminent surgeon, and his descendants in turn became distinguished lawyers and politicians. A peerage followed in due course. Heredity apart, Lord Rosebery has always taken a keen interest in the middle-class life of his country. He has always sought to gather opinion upon Scotch questions from Town Councils and such-like purely representative bodies. He has never been afraid, in spite of the lowering of the franchise, to add to their powers and extend the range of their duties, believing rightly that with the increase of dignity there comes also an increase in the sense of responsibility. He has not been content merely to appreciate the work of local government, for which he considers the middle-class specially qualified: he has deliberately assumed a share in it. He has laid down the Chairmanship of the London County Council only to take his part in the work of the Midlothian Council. And it is evident from the eulogium he passed on work of this class in Glasgow, that he esteems it too highly to give it up, except temporarily, for the struggles of partisanship.

The enthusiastic reception given to Lord Rosebery in Glasgow is the most emphatic contradiction that could be given to the report which has been widely circulated by his opponents, that he has lost the hold he once had on the hearts of the Scotch people. Unfortunately, the illness of Lady Rosebery will, to all appearance, prevent him from appearing so prominently as he would otherwise have done in the forthcoming Midlothian Campaign of Mr. Gladstone; otherwise it would then have been seen that his position among Scotch Liberals, as one of their most trusted leaders, is as strong as ever it was. The fact is that Lord Rosebery's rather too eager depreciators do not understand the character of the Scotch people or of Lord Rosebery's popularity with them. Level-headed Liberals of the North do not